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BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES

The TRAMP who *Fought* the GUNBOAT

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

With *Pictures* by H.C. EDWARDS

HE STOOD before the recruiting officer, trembling with nervousness, anxious of face, and clothed in rags; but he was clean, for, knowing the moral effect of cleanliness, he had lately sought the beach and taken a swim.

"Want to enlist?" asked the officer, taking his measure with trained eye.

"Yes sir; I read you wanted men in the Navy."

"Want seamen, firemen and landsmen. What's your occupation? You look like a tramp."

"Yes," he answered bitterly, "I'm a tramp. That's all they'd let me be. I used to be a locomotive engineer,—before the big strike. Then they blacklisted me, and I've never had a job above laborin' work since. It's easy to take to the road and stay at it when you find you can't make over a dollar a day at back-breakin' work after earnin' three and four at the throttle. An engineer knows nothin' but his trade, sir. Take it away, and he's a laborin'-man.

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"I'd ha' worked and learned another, but they jailed me,—put me in chokey, 'cause I had no visible means o' support. I had no money, and was a criminal under the law. And they kept at it,—jailed me again and again as a vagrant,—when all I wanted was work. After a while I didn't care. But now's my chance, sir, if you'll take me on. I don't know much about boats and the sea, but I can fire an engine, and know something about steam."

"A fireman's work on board a war-vessel is much different from that of a locomotive fireman," said the officer, leaning back in his chair.

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"I know, sir; that may be," the tramp replied eagerly; "but I can shovel coal, and I can learn, and I can work. I'm not very strong now, 'cause I haven't had much to eat these late years; but I'm not a drinkin' man; that costs more than grub. Give me a chance, sir; I'm an American; I'm sick o' bein' hunted from jail to jail, like a wild animal, just 'cause I can't be satisfied with pick-and-shovel work. I've spent half o' the last five years in jail as a vagrant. I put in a month at Fernandina, and was then chased out o' town. They gave me two months at Cedar Keys, and I came here only to get a month more in this jail. I got out this mornin', and was told by the copper who pinched me to get out o' Pensacola or he'd run me in again. And he's outside now waitin' for me. I dodged past him to get in."

"Pass this man in to the Surgeon," said the officer with something like a sympathetic snort in the tone of his voice; for he also was an American.

An orderly escorted the tramp to the Surgeon, who examined him and passed him. Then he signed his name to a paper.

"Emaciated," wrote the Surgeon in his daily report; "body badly nourished, and susceptible to any infection. Shows slight febrile symptoms, which should be attended to. An intelligent man; with good food and care will become valuable."

The tramp marched to the receiving-ship with a squad of other recruits, and on the way smiled triumphantly into the face of a mulatto policeman, who glared at him. He had signed his name on a piece of paper, and the act had changed his status. From a hunted fugitive and habitual criminal he had become a defender of his country's honor,—a potential hero.

On board the receiving-ship he was given an outfit of clothing and bedding, but before he had learned more than the correct way to lash his hammock and tie his silk neckerchief he was detailed for sea duty, and with a draft of men went to Key West in a Navy Yard tug; for war was on, and the fleet blockading Havana needed men.

At Key West he was appointed fireman on a torpedo boat, where his work,—which he soon learned,—was to keep up steam in a tubular boiler. But he learned nothing of the rest of the boat, her business, or the reason of her construction. Seasickness prevented any assertion of curiosity at first, and later the febrile symptoms which the examining Surgeon had noted developed in him until he could think of nothing else. There being no doctor aboard to diagnose his case, he was jeered by his fellows, and kept at work until he dropped; then he took to his hammock. Shooting pains darted through him, centring in his head, while his throat was dry and his thirst tormenting.

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Life on a torpedo boat engaged in dispatch duty and rushing through a Gulf Stream sea at thirty knots is torture to a healthy, nervous system; it sent this sick man into speedy delirium. He could eat very little, but he drank all the water that was given him. Moaning and muttering, tossing about in his hammock, never asleep, but sometimes unconscious, at other times raving, and occasionally lucid, he presented a problem which demanded solution. His emaciated face, flushed at first, had taken on a peculiar bronzed appearance, and there were some who declared that it was Yellow Jack. But nothing could be done until they reached the fleet and could interview a cruiser with a Surgeon.

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The sick man solved the problem. He scrambled out of his hammock at daylight in the morning and dressed himself in his blue uniform, carefully tying his black neckerchief in the regulation knot. Then, muttering the while, he gained the deck.

The boat was charging along at full speed, throwing aside a bow wave nearly as high as herself. Three miles astern, just discernible in the half-light, was a pursuing ram-bowed gunboat, spitting shot and shell; and forward near the conning-tower were two blue-coated, brass-buttoned officers, watching the pursuer through binoculars.

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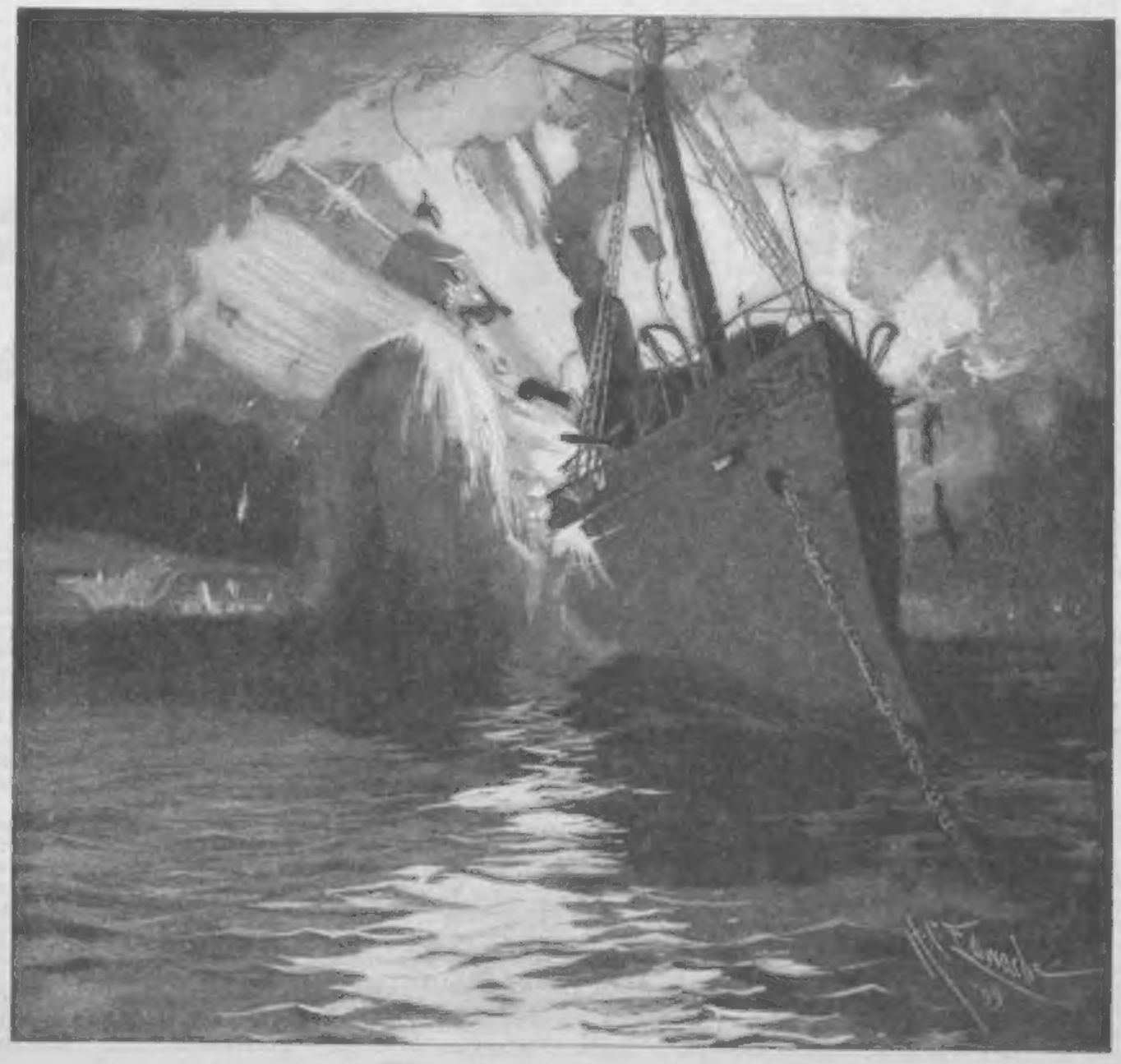
The crazed brain of the sick man took cognizance of nothing but the blue coats and brass buttons. He did not look for locust clubs and silver shields.

IN FIVE SECONDS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE GUNBOAT



These were policemen,—his deadliest enemies; but he would escape them this time.

With a yell he went overboard, and, being no swimmer, would have drowned had not one of the blue-coated officers flung a lifebuoy. He came to the surface somewhat saner, and seized the white ring, which supported him, while the torpedo boat rushed on. She could not stop for one man in time of war, with a heavily armed enemy so near.

A twenty-knot gunboat cannot chase a thirty-knot torpedo boat very long without losing her below the horizon; but this pursuit lasted ten minutes from the time the sick man went overboard before the gunboat ceased firing and slackened speed. The quarry was five miles away, out of Spanish range, and the floating man directly under her bow. He was seen and taken on board, with Spanish profanity sounding in his unregarding ears.

He lay on the deck, a bedraggled heap, gibbering and shivering, while a surgeon, with cotton in his nostrils and smelling-salts in his hand, diagnosed his case. Then the gunboat headed north and dropped anchor in the bight of a small, crescent-shaped sand key of the Florida Reef. For the diagnosis was such as to suggest prompt action. Two brave men bundled him into the dingey, lowered it, pulled ashore, and laid him on the sand.

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Returning, they stripped and threw away their clothing, sank the boat with a buoy on the painter, took a swim, and climbed aboard to be further disinfected. Then the gunboat lifted her anchor and steamed eastward, her officers watching through glasses a small, low torpedo boat, far to the southeast,—too far to be reached by gun-fire,—which was steering a parallel course, and presumably watching.

"Give me a chance, sir; I'm an American"

An idiot,—a lunatic,—with bloodshot eyes glaring from a yellow face, raved, rolled and staggered bareheaded under the sun about the sandy crescent until sundown, then fell prostrate and unconscious into the water on the beach, luckily turning over so that the nostrils were not immersed. The tide went down, leaving him damp and still on the sands. In about an hour a sigh, followed by a deep, gasping breath escaped him; another long inhalation succeeded, and another; then came steady, healthy breathing and childlike sleep, with perspiration oozing from every pore. He had passed the crisis.

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About midnight the cloudy sky cleared and the tropic stars came out, while the tide climbed the beach again and lapped at the sleeping man's feet; but he did not waken, even when the Spanish gunboat stole slowly into the bay from the sea and dropped anchor with a loud rattling of chain in the hawse-pipe. A boat was lowered, and a single man sculled it ashore; then lifting out a small cask and bag, he placed them high on the sands and looked around.

Spying the sleeping man, half-immersed now, he approached and felt of the damp clothing and equally damp face. Not noticing that he breathed softly, the man crossed himself, then moved quickly and nervously toward his boat, muttering, *"Muerto, muerto."* Pushing out, he sculled rapidly toward the anchored craft, and disposed of the boat and his clothing as had been done before; then he swam to the gangway and climbed aboard.

Shortly after, the sleeping man, roused by the chill of the water, crawled aimlessly up the sand and slept again,—safe beyond the tide-line. In three hours he sat up and rubbed his eyes, half-awake, but sane.

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Strange sights and sounds puzzled him. He knew nothing of this starlit beach and stretch of sparkling water,—nothing of that long, black craft at anchor, with the longer beam of white light reaching over the sea from her pilot-house. He could only surmise that she was a war-vessel from the ram bow,—a feature of the Government model which had impressed him at Key West,—and from the noise she was making. She quivered in a maze of flickering red flashes, and the rattling din of her rapid fire and machine guns transcended in volume all the roadside blastings he had heard in his wanderings. Dazed and astonished, he rose to his feet; but, too weak to stand, sat down again and looked.

Half a mile seaward, where the beam of light ended, a small craft, low down between two crested waves, was speeding toward the gunboat in the face of her fire. The water about her was lashed into turmoil by the hail of projectiles; but she kept on, at locomotive speed, until within a thousand feet of the gunboat, when she turned sharply to starboard, doubled on her track, and raced off to sea, still covered by the searchlight and followed by shot and shell while the gunners could see her.

When the gun-fire ceased a hissing of steam could be heard in the distance, and a triumphant Spanish yell answered. The small enemy had been struck, and the gunboat slipped her cable and followed.

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The tired brain could not cope with the problem, and again the man slept, to awaken at sunrise with ravenous hunger and thirst and a memory of what seemed to be horrible dreams,—vague recollections of painful experiences,—torturing labor with aching muscles and blistered hands; harsh words and ridicule from strong, bearded men; and, running through and between, the shadowy figures of blue-coated, brass-buttoned men, continually ordering him on, and threatening arrest. The spectacle of the night was as dreamlike as the rest; for he remembered nothing of the gunboat which had rescued and marooned him.

His face had lost its yellowish bronze color, but was pale and emaciated as ever, while his sunken eyes held the soft light which always comes of extreme physical suffering. He was too weak to remain on his feet, but in the effort to do so he spied the cask and bag higher up on the beach and crawled to them. Prying a plug from the bunghole with his knife, he found water, sweet and delicious, which he drank by rolling the cask carefully and burying his lips in the overflow. Evidently some one in authority on the gunboat had decreed that he should not die of hunger and thirst, for the bag contained hard bread.

Stronger after a meal, he climbed the highest sand dune and studied the situation. An outcropping of coral formed the backbone of the thin crescent which held him, and which was about half a mile between the points. To the south, opening out from the bay, was a clear stretch of sea, green in the sunlight, deep blue in the shadows of the clouds, and on the horizon were a few sails and smoke columns. West and east were other sandy islets and coral reefs, and to the north a continuous line of larger islands which might be inhabited, but gave no indication of it.

Out in the bay, bobbing to the heave of the slight groundswell, were the three white buoys left by the Spaniards to mark the sunken boats and slipped cable; and far away on the beach, just within the western point, was something long and round, which rolled in the gentle surf and glistened in the sunlight. He knew nothing of buoys, but they relieved his loneliness; they were signs of human beings, who must have placed him there with the bread and water, and who might come for him.

"Wonder if I got pinched again, and this is some new kind of a chokey," he mused. "Been blamed sick and silly, and must ha' lost the job and got jailed again. Just my luck! S'pose the jug was crowded and they run me out here. Wish they'd left me a hat. Wonder how long I'm in for this time."

He descended to the beach and found that repeated wettings of his hair relieved him from the headache that the sun's heat was bringing on; and satisfied that the strong hand of local law had again closed over him, he resigned himself to the situation, resenting only the absence of a shade tree or a hat. "Much better'n the calaboose in El Paso," he muttered, "or the brickyard in Chicago."

As he lolled on the sand, the glistening thing over at the western point again caught his eye. After a moment's scrutiny he rose and limped toward it, following the concave of the beach, and often pausing to rest and bathe his head. It was a long journey for him, and the tide, at half-ebb when he started, was rising again when he came abreast of the object and sat down to look at it. It was of metal, long and round, rolling nearly submerged, and held by the alternate surf and undertow, parallel with the beach, about twenty feet out.

He waded in, grasped it by a T-shaped projection in the middle, and headed it toward the shore. Then he launched it forward with all his strength,—not much, but enough to lift a bluntly pointed end out of water as it grounded and exposed a small, four-bladed steel wheel, shaped something like a windmill. He examined this, but could not understand it, as it whirled freely either way and seemed to have no internal connection. The strange cylinder was about sixteen feet long and about eighteen inches in diameter.

"Boat o' some kind," he muttered; "but what kind? That screw's too small to make it go. Let's see the other end."

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He launched it with difficulty, and noticed that when floating end-on to the surf it ceased to roll and kept the T-shape projection uppermost, proving that it was ballasted. Swinging it, he grounded the other end, which was radically different in appearance. It was long, and finely pointed, with four steel blades or vanes,—two horizontal and two vertical,—like the double tails of an ideal fish,—and in the inner edges of these vanes were hung a pair of unmistakable propellers, one behind the other, and of opposite pitch and motion.

"One works on the shaft,—t'other on a sleeve," he mused, as he turned them. "A roundhouse wiper could see that. Bevel-gearin' inside, I guess. It's a boat, sure enough, and this reverse action must be to keep her from rolling."

On each of the four vanes he found a small blade, showing by its connection that it possessed range of action, yet immovable as the vane itself,—as though held firmly by inner leverage. Those on the horizontal vanes were tilted upward. Just abaft the T-shape projection,—which, fastened firmly to the hull, told him nothing of its purpose,—were numerous brass posts buried flush with the surface, in each of which was a square hole, as though intended to be turned with a key or crank. Some were marked with radiating lines and numbers, and they evidently controlled the inner mechanism, part of which he could see,—little brass cog-wheels, worms and levers,—through a fore-and-aft slot near the keyholes.

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Rising from the forward end of this slot, and lying close to the metal hull in front of it, was a strong lever of brass, L-shaped, connected internally, and indicating to his trained mechanical mind that its only sphere of action was to lift up and sink back into the slot. He fingered it, but did not yet try to move it. A little to the left of this lever was a small blade of steel, curved to fit the convex hull,—which it hugged closely,—and hinged at its forward edge. This, too, must have a purpose,—an internal connection,—and he did not disturb it until he had learned more.

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To the right of the brass lever was an oblong hatch about eight inches long, flush with the hull, and held in place by screws. Three seams, with lines of screws, encircled the round hull, showing that it was constructed in four sections; and these screws, with those in the hatch, were strong and numerous,—placed there to stay.

Fatigued from his exertion, he moistened his hair, sat down, and watched the incoming tide swing the craft round parallel with the beach. As the submerged bow raised to a level with the stern, he noticed that the small blades on the horizontal vanes dropped from their upward slant to a straight line with the vanes.

"Rudders," he said; "horizontal rudders. Can't be anything else." With his chin in his hand and his wrinkled brow creased with deeper corrugations, he put his mind through a process of inductive reasoning.

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"Horizontal rudders," he mused, "must be to keep her from diving, or to make her dive. They work automatically, and I s'pose the vertical rudders are the same. There's nothing outside to turn 'em with. That boat isn't made to ride in,—no way to get into her,—and she isn't big enough, anyhow. And as you can't get into her, that brass lever must be what starts and stops her. Wonder what the steel blade's for. 'Tisn't a handy shape for a lever,—to be handled with fingers,—too sharp; but it has work to do, or it wouldn't be there. That section o' railroad iron on top must be to hang the boat by,—a traveler,—when she's out o' water.

"And the fan-wheel on the nose,—what's that for? If it's a speed or distance indicator, the dial's inside, out o' sight. There's no exhaust, so the motive power can't be steam. Clockwork or electricity, maybe. Mighty fine workmanship all through! That square door is fitted in for keeps, and she must ha' cost a heap. Now, as she has horizontal rudders, she's intended to steer up and down; and as there's no way to get into her, or to stay on her, and as she can't be started from the inside, or steered from the outside, I take it she's a model o' one o' these submarine boats I've heard of,—some fellow's invention that's got away from him. Guess I'll try that lever and see what happens. I'll bury the propellers, though; no engine ought to race."

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He pushed the craft into deeper water, pointed it shoreward, and cautiously lifted the curved blade to a perpendicular position, as high as it would go. Nothing happened. He lowered it, raised it again,—it worked very easily,—then, leaving it upright, he threw the long brass lever back into the slot. A slight humming came from within, the propellers revolved slowly, and the craft moved ahead until the bow grounded. Then he followed and lifted the lever out of the slot to its first position, shutting off the power.

Delighted with his success, he backed it out farther than before and again threw back the brass lever, this time with the curved blade down flat on the hull. With the sinking of the lever into the slot the mechanism within gave forth a rushing sound, the propellers at the stern threw up a mound of foam, and the craft shot past him, dived until it glanced on the sandy bottom, then slid a third of its length out of water on the beach and stopped, the propellers still churning, and the small wheel on the nose still spinning with the motion given it by the water.

"Air pressure!" he exclaimed, as he shut it off. He had seen a line of bubbles rise as the thing dived. "An air-engine, and the whole thing must be full o' compressed air. The brass lever turns it on, and if the steel blade's up it gives it the slow motion; if it's down, she gets full speed at once. Now I know why it's blade-shape. It's so the water itself can push it down,—after she starts."

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He did not try to launch it; he waited until the tide floated it, then pushed it along the beach toward his store of food, arriving at high-water too exhausted to do more that day than ground his capture and break hard bread. And as the afternoon drew to a close the fatigue in his limbs became racking pain; either as a result of his exposure, or as a later symptom of the fever, he was now in the clutch of a new enemy,—rheumatism.

—he found water, sweet and delicious

Then, with the coming of night came a return of his first violent symptoms; he was hot, shivery and feverish by turns, with dry tongue and throat, and a splitting headache; but in this condition he could still take cognizance of a black, ram-bowed gunboat, which stole into the bay from the East and dropped anchor near the buoys.

A half-moon shone in the Western sky, and by its light the steamer presented an unkempt, broken appearance, even to the untrained eye of this castaway. Her after funnel was but half as high as the other; there were gaps in her iron rail, and vacancies below the twisted davits where boats should be; and her pilot-house was wrecked,—the starboard door and nearest window merged in a large, ragged hole.

Officers on the bridge gave orders in foreign speech,—in tones which came shoreward faintly. Men sprang overboard with ropes, which they fastened to the buoys; then they swam back, and for an hour or two the whole crew was busy getting the boats to the

davits and the end of the cable into the hawse-pipe.

The man on the beach recognized the craft he had seen when he wakened.

He felt that she must in some way be connected with his being there, and he waited, expecting to see a boat put off; but when both boats were hoisted and he heard the humming of a steam windlass, he gave up this expectation and tried to hail.

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His voice could not rise above a hoarse whisper. The anchor was fished, and after an interval he heard the windlass again, heaving in the other chain. They were going away,—going to leave him there to die.

He crawled and stumbled down to the water's edge. The tide was up again, rippling around the strange thing he had resolved to navigate. It was not a boat, but it would go ahead, and it would float,—it would possibly float him.

With strength born of desperation and fear, he pushed it, inch by inch, into the water until it was clear of the sand, and tried the engine on the slow motion. The propellers turned and satisfied him. He shut off the power, swung the thing round until it pointed toward the steamer, and seated himself astride of it, just abaft the T-shaped projection in the middle. The long cylinder sank with him, and when it had steadied to a balance between his weight and its buoyancy he found that it bore him, shoulders out; and the position he had taken,—within reach of the levers behind him,—lifted the blunt nose higher than the stern, but not out of water. This was practicable.

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He reached behind, raised the blade lever, threw back the large brass lever, and the craft went ahead, at about the speed of a healthy man's walk. He kept his left hand on the blade lever to hold it up, and by skillful paddling with his right maintained his balance and assisted his legs in steering. He had never learned to swim, but he felt less fear of drowning than of slow death on the island.

In five minutes he was near enough to the steamer to read her name. He pulled the starting lever forward, stopping his headway; for he must be sure of his welcome.

"Say, Boss," he called faintly and hoarsely; "take me along, can't you? Or else gi' me some medicine. I'm blamed sick,—I'll die if I stay here."

The noise of the windlass and chain prevented this being heard, but at last, after repeated calls on his part, a Spanish howl went up from amidships, and a sailor sprang from one of the boats to the deck, crossed himself, and pointing to the man in the water, ran forward.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he yelled. "*El aparecido del muerto.*"

Work stopped, and a call down a hatchway stopped the windlass. In ports and deadlights appeared faces; and those on deck, officers and men, crowded to the rail, some to cross themselves, some to sink on their knees, others to grip the rail tightly, while they stared in silence at the torso and livid face in the moonlight on the sea,—the ghastly face of the man they had marooned to die alone,—who had been seen later dead on the beach.

"Take me with you, Boss," he pleaded with his weak voice. "I'm sick; I can't hold on much longer."

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It was not the dead man's body washed out from the beach, for it moved,—it spoke. And it was not a living man; no man may recover from advanced yellow fever, and this man had been found afterward dead,—cold and still. And no living man may swim in this manner,—high out of water, patting and splashing with one hand. It was a ghost. It had come to punish them.

"*Porgue nor alormentar asi hombre. Deja?*" cried a white-faced officer.

"Can't you hear me?" asked the apparition. "I'll come closer."

He threw back the starting lever and the thing began moving. Then a rifle-barrel protruded from a deadlight. There was a report and a flash, and a bullet passed through his hair. The shock startled him and he lost his balance. In the effort to recover it his leg knocked down the blade lever, and the steel cylinder sprang forward, leaving him floundering in the water. Pointed upward, it appeared for a moment on the surface, then dived like a porpoise and disappeared. In five seconds something happened to the gunboat.

Coincident with a sound like near-by thunder, the black craft lifted amidships like a bending jack-knife, and up from the shattered deck, and out from ports, doors and deadlights came a volcano of flame and smoke. The sea beneath followed in a mound, which burst like a great bubble, sending a cloud of steam and spray and whitish yellow smoke aloft to mingle with the other and meet the falling fragments. These fell for several seconds,—hatches, gratings, buckets, ladders, splinters of wood, parts of men, and men whole, but limp.

A side-ladder fell near the choking and half-stunned sick man, and he seized it. Before he could crawl on top the two halves of the gunboat had sunk in a swirl of bubbles and whirlpools.

A few broken and bleeding swimmers approached to share his support, saw his awful face in the moonlight, and swam away.

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A few hours later a gray cruiser loomed up close by and directed a searchlight at him. Then a gray cutter full of white-clad men approached and took him off the ladder. He was delirious again, and bleeding from mouth, nose and ears.

The Surgeon and the torpedo Lieutenant came up from the sickbay, the latter with enthusiasm on his face,—for he was young,—and joined a group of officers on the quarter-deck.

"He'll pull through, gentlemen," said the Surgeon. "He is the man Mosher lost overboard, though he doesn't know anything about it,—nor how he got on that sand key. I suppose the Destructor picked him up and landed him. He found bread and water, he says. You see, the first symptoms are similar in yellow jack and relapsing bilious fever. I don't wonder that Mosher was nervous."

"Then it *was* the Destructor?" asked an Ensign, pulling out a notebook and a pencil. "And Lieutenant Mosher was right, after all?"

"Yes, this man read her name before she blew up; and a Spanish sailor has waked up and confirmed it. She was the Destructor, just over, and trying to get into Havana. Instead of blowing up in Algeciras Bay, as they thought, she had left with dispatches for Havana, only to blow up on the Florida Reef."

"The Destructor," said the Ensign, as he pocketed his notebook and pencil, "carried fifty-five men. Don't we get the bounty as the nearest craft?"

"Not much," said the young and enthusiastic torpedo Lieutenant. "We were not even within signal distance, and came along by accident. Listen,—all of you: When an American war-craft sinks or destroys a larger enemy, there is a bounty due her crew of two hundred dollars for every man on board the enemy. That is law, isn't it?" They nodded. "If a submarine boat can be a war-craft, so may a Whitehead torpedo, and certainly is one, being built for war. A war-craft abandoned is a derelict, and the man who finds her becomes her lawful Commander for the time. If he belongs to the Navy his position is strengthened, and if he is alone he is not only Commander, but the whole crew, and consequently he is entitled to all the bounty she may earn. That is law.

"Now, listen hard. Lieutenant Mosher sent one torpedo at the gunboat; it missed and became derelict, while Mosher escaped under one boiler. This man found the derelict adrift, puzzled out the action, waited until the gunboat came back for her anchor, then straddled his craft, and rode out with the water tripper up. They shot at him. He turned his dog loose and destroyed the enemy. If the Destructor carried fifty-five men he is entitled to $11,000, and the Government must pay, for that is law."

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XIV

ON THE last day of February Mrs. Dabney was surprised, if not exhilarated, by a visit from her two children in the little bookshop.

"It's the last day in the world that I should have thought you'd 'a' come out on," she told them, in salutation, and for comment they all glanced along the dark, narrow alley of shelves to the street window.

A gloomy spectacle it was, indeed, with a cold rain slanting through the discredited remnants of a fog, which the east wind had broken up, but could not drive away, and with only now and again a passer-by moving across the dim vista, masked beneath an umbrella, or bent forward with chin buried in turned-up collar. In the doorway, outside, the sulky boy stamped his feet and slapped his sides with his arms in pantomimic mutiny against guarding the bookstalls' dripping covers, which nobody would be mad enough to pause over, much less to lift.

"I don't know but I'd ought to let the boy bring in the books and go home," she said, as their vague gaze was attracted by his gestures. "But it isn't three yet; it seems ridiculous to close up. Still, if you'd be more comfortable upstairs——"

"Why, mamma! The idea of making strangers of us," protested Julia. She strove to make her tone cheerful, but its effect of rebuke was unmistakable.

The mother, leaning against the tall desk, looked blankly at her daughter. The pallid flicker of the gas jet overhead made her long, listless face seem more devoid of color than ever.

"But you are as good as strangers, aren't you?" she observed coldly. "You've been back in town ten days and more, and I've scarcely laid eyes upon either of you. But don't you want to sit down? You can put those parcels on the floor anywhere. Or shall I do it for you?"

Alfred had been lounging in the shadowed corner against a heap of old magazines tied in bundles. He sprang up now and cleared the chair, but his sister declined it with a gesture. Her small figure had straightened itself into a kind of haughty rigidity.

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"There has been so much to do, mamma," she explained, in a clear, cool voice. "We have had hundreds of things to buy and to arrange about. All the responsibility for the housekeeping rests upon me, and Alfred has his studio to do. But, of course, we should have looked in upon you sooner,—and much oftener,—if we had thought you wanted us. But, really, when we came to you, the very day after our return, it was quite impossible for us to pretend that you were glad to see us."

"Oh, I was glad enough," Mrs. Dabney made answer, rather mechanically. "Why shouldn't I be glad? And why should you think I wasn't glad? Did you expect me to shout and dance?"

"You said you wouldn't come to see us in Ovington Square," Alfred reminded her.

"That's different," she declared. "What would I be doing in Ovington Square? It's all right for you to be there. I hope you'll be happy there. But it wouldn't add anything to your happiness to have me there; it would be quite the other way about. I know that, if you don't. This is my place, here, and I intend to stick to it!"

Julia's bright eyes, scanning the apathetic, stubborn, maternal countenance, hardened beyond their wont. "You talk as if there had been some class war declared," she said, with obvious annoyance. "You know that Uncle Stormont would like nothing better than to be as nice to you as he is to us."

"Uncle Stormont!" Mrs. Dabney's repetition of the words was surcharged with hostile sarcasm.

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"But his name was Stormont as much as it was Joel," broke in Alfred, from his dark corner. "He has a right to use the one he likes best."

"Oh, I don't dispute his right," she replied, once more in her passionless monotone. "Everybody can call themselves whatever they please. It's no affair of mine. You and your sister spell your father's name in a way to suit yourselves. I never interfered, did I? You have your own ideas and your own tastes. They are quite beyond me,—but they're all right for you. I don't criticise them at all. What I say is, that it is a great mercy your uncle came along, with his pockets full of money, to enable you to make the most of them. If I were religious, I should call that providential."

"And that's what we do call it," put in Julia, with vivacity. "And why should you shut your doors against this Providence, mamma? Just think of it! We don't insist upon your coming to live at Ovington Square at all. Probably, as you say, you would be happier by yourself,—at least for the present. But when Uncle St——when uncle says there's more than enough money for us all, and is only too anxious for you to let him do things for you,—why, he's your own brother! It's as if I should refuse to allow Alfred to do things for me."

"That you never did," interposed the young man gayly. "I'll say that for you, Jule."

"And never will," she assured him, with cheerful decision. "But, no; mamma, can't you see what we mean? We have done what you wanted us to do. You sent us both to much better schools than you could afford, from the time we were of no age at all, and when uncle's money came you sent us to Cheltenham. We did you no discredit. We worked very well; we behaved ourselves properly. We came back to you at last with fair reason to suppose that you would be—I won't say proud, but at least well satisfied with us, and then it turned out that you didn't like us at all."

"I never said anything of the sort," the mother declared, with a touch of animation.

"Oh, no; you never said it," Julia admitted, "but what else

In the doorway, outside, the sulky boy stamped his feet

—he fell to studying his own hands,—turned the bulky, hard-looking fists round for inspection

can we think you mean? Our uncle sends for us to go abroad with him, and you busy yourself getting me ready, and having new frocks made, and all that, and I never hear a suggestion that you don't want me to go——"

"But I did want you to go," Mrs. Dabney affirmed.

"Well, then, when I come back,—when we come back and tell you what splendid and generous plans uncle has made for us, and how he has taken a beautiful furnished house, and made it our home,—why, you won't even come and look at the house!"

"But I don't want to see it," the mother retorted obstinately.

"Well, then, you needn't!" said Alfred rising. "Nobody will ask you again."

"Oh, yes, they will," urged Julia, glancing meaningly from one to the other. All her life, as it seemed, she had been accustomed to mediate between these two unpliable and stubborn temperaments. From her earliest childhood she had understood, somehow, that there was a Dabney habit of mind, which was by comparison soft, and, if not yielding, then politic; and set over against it there was a Thorpe temper, full of gnarled, twisted hardnesses, and tenacious as death.

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In the days of her Grandfather Thorpe, whom she remembered with an alarmed distinctness, there had existed a kind of tacit idea that his name alone accounted for and justified the most persistent and stormy bad temper. That old man with the scowling brows bullied everybody, suspected everybody, apparently disliked everybody, vehemently demanded his own will of everybody,—and it was all to be explained, seemingly, by the fact that he was a Thorpe.

After his disappearance from the scene,—unlamented, to the best of Julia's juvenile perceptions,—there had been relatively peaceful times in the bookshop and the home overhead, yet there had existed always a recognized line of demarcation running through the household. Julia and her father,—a small, hollow-chested, round-shouldered young man, with a pale, anxious face and ingratiating manner, who had entered the shop as an assistant and remained as a son-in-law, and was now the thinnest of unsubstantial memories,—Julia and this father had stood upon one side of this impalpable line as Dabneys, otherwise as meek and tractable persons, who would not expect to have their own way.

Alfred and his mother were Thorpes,—that is to say, people who necessarily had their own way. Their domination was stained by none of the excesses which had rendered the grandfather intolerable. Their surface temper was almost sluggishly pacific. Underneath, however, ugly currents and sharp rocks were well known to have a potential existence, and it was the mission of the Dabneys to see that no wind of provocation unduly stirred these depths.

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Worse, even, than these possibilities of violence, however, so far as every-day life was concerned, was the strain of obstinacy which belonged to the Thorpe temper. A sort of passive mulishness it was, impervious to argument, immovable under the most sympathetic pressure, which particularly tried the Dabney patience. It seemed to Julia now, as she interposed her soothing influence between these jarring forces, that she had spent whole years of her life in personal interventions of this sort.

"Oh, yes, they will," she repeated, and warned her brother into the background with a gesture half-pleading, half-peremptory. "We are your children, and we're not bad children at all, and I'm sure that when you think it all over, mamma, you'll see that it would be absurd to let anything come between you and us."

"How could I help letting it come?" demanded the mother, listlessly argumentative. "You have outgrown me and my ways altogether. It was nonsense to suppose that you would have been satisfied to come back and live here again, over the shop. I couldn't think for the life of me what I was going to do with you. But now your uncle has taken all that into his own hands. He can give you the kind of home that goes with your education and your ideas, and what more do you want? Why should you come bothering me?"

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"How unjust you are, mamma!" cried Julia, with a glaze of tears upon her bright glance.

The widow took her elbow from the desk, and, slowly straightening herself, looked down upon her daughter. Her long, plain face, habitually grave in expression, conveyed no hint of exceptional emotion, but the fingers of the large, capable hands she clasped before her writhed restlessly against one another, and there was a husky threat of collapse in her voice as she spoke:

"If you ever have children of your own," she said, "and you slave your life out to bring them up so that they'll think themselves your betters, and they act accordingly, then you'll understand. But you don't understand now, and there's no good our talking any more about it. Come in whenever it's convenient, and you feel like it. I must go back to my books now."

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She took up a pen at this, and opened the cash-book upon the blotter. Her children, surveying her blankly, found speech difficult. With some murmured words, after a little pause, they bestowed a perfunctory kiss upon her unresponsive cheek, and filed out into the rain.

Mrs. Dabney watched them put up their umbrella, and move off Strand-ward beneath it. She continued to look for a long time, in an aimless, ruminating way, at the dismal prospect revealed by the window and the glass of the door. The premature night was closing in miserably, with increasing rain, and a doleful whistle of rising wind round the corner. At last she shut up the unconsidered cash-book, lighted another gas jet, and, striding to the door, rapped sharply on the glass.

"Bring everything in!" she called to the boy, and helped out his apprehension by a comprehensive gesture.

Later, when he had completed his task, and one of the two narrow outlets from the shop in front was satisfactorily blocked with the wares from without, and all the floor about reeked with the grimy drippings of the oilskins, Mrs. Dabney summoned him to the desk in the rear.

"I think you may go home now," she said to him, with the laconic abruptness to which he had become thoroughly accustomed. "You have a home, haven't you?"

Remembering the exhaustive inquiries which the mission people had made about him and his belongings, as a preliminary to his getting this job, he could not but be surprised at the mistress' question. In confusion he nodded assent, and jerked his finger toward his cap.

"Got a mother?" she pursued.

Again he nodded, with augmented confidence.

"And do you think yourself better than she is?"

The urchin's dirty and unpleasant face screwed itself up in anxious perplexity over this strange query. Then it cleared as he thought he grasped the idea, and the rat-eyes he lifted to her gleamed with the fell acuteness of the Dials. "I sh'd be sorry if I wasn't," he answered, in swift, rasping accents. "She's a rare old boozer, she is! It's a fair curse to an honest boy like me to 'ave——"

"Go home!" she bade him peremptorily, and frowned after him as he ducked and scuttled from the shop.

Left to herself, Mrs. Dabney did not reopen the cash-book,—the wretched day, indeed, had been practically a blank in its history,—but loitered about in the waning light among the shelves near the desk, altering the position of books here and there, and glancing cursorily through others. Once or twice she went to the door, and looked out upon the rain-soaked street. A tradesman's assistant, opposite, was rolling the iron shutters down for the night. If business in hats was over for the day, how much more so in books! Her shop had never been fitted with shutters,—for what reason she could not guess. The opened pages of numerous volumes were displayed close against the window, but no one had ever broken a pane to get at them. Apparently, literature raised no desires in the criminal breast. To close the shop there was nothing to do but lock and bolt the door and turn out the lights.

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At last, as the conviction of nightfall forced itself upon her, from the drenched darkness outside, she bent to put her hand to the key. Then, with a little start of surprise, she stood erect. Some one was shutting an umbrella in the doorway, preparatory to entering the shop.

It was her brother, splashed and wet to the knees, but with a glowing face, who pushed his way in, and confronted her with a broad grin. There was such a masterful air about him, that when he jovially threw an arm round her gaunt waist, and gathered her up against his moist shoulder, she surprised herself by a half-laughing submission.

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Her vocabulary was not rich in phrases for this kind of emergency. "Do mind what you're about!" she told him, flushing not unpleasurably.

"Shut up the place!" he answered, with lordly geniality. "I've walked all the way from the city in the rain. I wanted the exertion. I couldn't have sat in a cab. Come, build up the fire, and let's have a talk. Gad! What things I've got to tell you!"

"There isn't any fire down here," she said apologetically, as they edged their way through the restricted alley to the rear. "The old fireplace took up too much room. Sometimes, in very sharp weather, I have an oil stove in. Usually the gas warms it enough. You don't find it too cold, do you, with your coat on? Or would you rather come upstairs?"

"Never mind the cold," he replied, throwing a leg over the stool before the desk. "I can't stay more'n a minute or two. What do you think we've done to-day?"

Louisa had never in her life seen her brother look so well as he did now, sprawling triumphantly upon the stool under the yellow gaslight. His strong, heavily featured face had somehow ceased to be commonplace. It had acquired an individual distinction of its own. He looked up at her with a clear, bold eye, in which, despite its gloss of good humor, she discerned a new authority.

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The nervous and apprehensive lines had vanished from the countenance, and with them, oddly enough, that lethargic, heavy expression which had been their complement. He was all vigor, readiness, confidence, now. She deemed him almost handsome, this curious, changeable brother of hers, as he beat with his fist in a measured way upon the desk top to emphasize his words, and fastened his commanding gaze upon her.

"We took very nearly £20,000 to-day," he went on. "This is the twenty-eighth of February. A fortnight ago to-day was the first settlement. I wasn't here, but Semple was, and the working of it is all in his hands. He kept as still as a mouse that first day. They had to deliver to us 26,000 shares, and they hadn't got one, but we didn't make any fuss. The point was, you see, not to let them dream that they were caught in a trap. We didn't even put the price up to par.

"They had to come to Semple, and say there didn't seem to be any shares obtainable just at the moment, and what would he carry them over at? That means, to let them postpone delivery for another fortnight. He was as smooth as sweet oil with them, and agreed to carry them over till to-day without any charge at all. But to-day it was a little different. The price was up ten shillings above par,—that is to say, Semple arranged with a jobber,—on the quiet, d'ye see?—to offer thirty shillings for our one-pound shares.

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"That offer fixed the making-up price. So, then, when they were still without shares to-day, and had to be carried over again, they had to pay ten shillings difference on each of 26,000 shares, plus the difference between par and the prices they'd sold at. That makes within a few hundreds of £20,000 in cash for one day's haul. D'ye see?"

She nodded at him expressively. Through previous talks she had really obtained an insight into the operation, and it interested her more than she would have cared to confess.

"Well, then, we put that £20,000 in our pockets," he proceeded with a steady glow in his eyes. "A fortnight hence,—that is, March 14,—we ring the bell on them again, and they march up to the Captain's office and settle a second time. Now what happens on the fourteenth? A jobber makes the price for Semple again, and that settles the new sum they have to pay us in differences. It is for us to say what that price shall be. We'll decide on that when the time comes. We most probably will just put it up another ten shillings, and so take in just a simple £13,000. It's best in the long run, I suppose, to go slow, with small rises like that, in order not to frighten anybody. So Semple says, at any rate."

"But why not frighten them?" Louisa asked. "I thought you wanted to frighten them. You were full of that idea a while ago."

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He smiled genially. "I've learned some new wrinkles since then. We'll frighten 'em stiff enough before we're through with 'em. But at the start we just go easy. If they got word that there was a corner there would be a dead scare among the jobbers. They'd be afraid to sell or name a price for Rubber Consols unless they had the shares in hand. And there are other ways in which that would be a nuisance.

"Presently, of course, we shall liberate some few shares, so that there may be some actual dealings. Probably a certain number of the 5000 which went to the general public will come into the market, too. But, of course, you see that all such shares will simply go through one operation before they come back to us. Some one of the fourteen men we are squeezing will snap them up, and bring them straight to Semple, to get free from the fortnightly tax we are levying on them. In that way we shall eventually let out, say, half of these fourteen 'shorts,' or perhaps more than half."

"What do you want to do that for?" The sister's gray eyes had caught a metallic gleam, as if from the talk about gold. "Why let anybody out? Why can't you go on taking their money forever?"

Thorpe nodded complacently. "Yes, that's what I asked, too. It seemed to me the most natural thing, when you'd got 'em in the vise, to keep them there. But when you come to reflect, you can't get more out of a man than there is in him. If you press him too hard he can always go bankrupt, and then he's out of your reach altogether.

"IF YOU EVER HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN, AND YOU SLAVE YOUR LIFE OUT TO BRING THEM UP SO THAT THEY'LL THINK THEMSELVES YOUR BETTERS, THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND"

Editor's Note—The Market-Place began in the issue of the Post for December 17, 1898.

and you lose everything that you counted on making out of him. So, after a certain point, each one of the fourteen men whom we're squeezing must be dealt with on a different footing. We shall have to watch them all, and study their resources, as tipsters watch horses in the paddock.

"You see, some of them can stand a loss of a hundred thousand pounds better than

"Where is Montague Street?" he asked, with rough directness

others could lose ten thousand. All that we have to know. We can take it as a principle that none of them will go bankrupt and lose his place on the Exchange unless he is pressed tight to the wall. Well, our business is to learn how far each fellow is from the wall to start with. Then we keep track of him, one turn of the screw after another, till we see he's got just enough left to buy himself out. Then we let him out. See?"

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"It's cruel, isn't it!" she commented, calmly meditative, after a little pause.

"Everything in the city is cruel," he assured her with a light tone. "All speculative business is cruel. Take our case, for example. I estimate, in a rough way, that these fourteen men will have to pay over to us, in differences and in final sales, say £700,000,—may be eight hundred. Well, now, not one of those fellows ever earned a single sovereign of that money. They've taken the whole of it from others, and these others took it from others still, and so on almost indefinitely. There isn't a sovereign of it that hasn't been through twenty hands,—or fifty, for that matter,—since the last man who had done some honest work for it parted company with it.

"Well, money like that belongs to those who are in possession of it only so long as they are strong enough to hold on to it. When some one stronger still comes along he takes it away from them. They don't complain; they don't cry and say it's cruel. They know it's the rule of the game. They accept it, and begin at once looking out for a new set of fools and weaklings to recoup themselves on. That's the way the city goes."

Thorpe had concluded his philosophical remarks with ruminating slowness. As he lapsed into silence now, he fell to studying his own hands on the desk-top before him. He stretched out the fingers, curved them in different degrees, then closed them tight, and turned the bulky, hard-looking fists round for inspection in varying aspects.

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"That's the kind of hand," he began again, thoughtfully, "that breaks the Jew in the long run, if there's only grit enough behind it. I used to watch those Jews' hands, a year ago, when I was dining and wining them. They're all thin and wiry, and full of veins. Their fingers are never still; they twist round and keep stirring like a lobster's feelers. But there ain't any real strength in 'em. They get hold of most of the things that are going because they're eternally on the move. It's their hellish industry and activity that gives them such a pull, and makes most people afraid of them. But when a hand like that takes them by the throat,"—he held up his right hand as he spoke, with the thick, uncouth fingers and massive thumb arched menacingly, a powerful muscular tension,—"when that tightens round their neck, and they feel that the grip means business, what good are they?"

He laughed contemptuously, and slapped the relaxed palm on the desk with a noise which made his sister start. Apparently, the diversion recalled something to her mind.

"There was a man in here asking about you to-day," she said, in a casual fashion. "Said he was an old friend of yours."

"Oh, yes, everybody's my 'old friend' now," he observed, with beaming indifference. "I'm already getting heaps of invitations to dinners and dances, and all that. One fellow insisted on booking me for Easter for some salmon fishing he's got way down in Cumberland. I told him I couldn't come, but he put my name down all the same. Says his wife will write to remind me.

"Semple tells me that when our squeeze really begins, and they realize the desperate kind of trap they're in, they'll simply shower attentions of that sort on me. He says the social pressure they can command, for a game of this kind, is something tremendous. But I'm not to be taken in by it for a single pennyworth, d'ye see? I dine with nobody! I fish and shoot and go yachting with nobody! Julia and Alfred, and our own home in Ovington Square,—that'll be good enough for me. By the way, you haven't been out to see us yet. We're all settled now, you know. You must come at once,—why not come with me now?"

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Louisa paid no heed to this suggestion. She had been rummaging among some loose papers on the top of the desk, and she stepped round now to lift the lid, and search about for something inside.

"He left a card for you," she said, as she groped among the desk's contents. "I don't know what I did with it. He wrote something on it."

"Oh, hang him, and his card, too," Thorpe protested easily. "I don't want to see either of them."

"He said he knew you in Mexico. He said you'd had dealings together. He seemed to act as if you'd want to see him, but I didn't know. I didn't tell him your address."

Thorpe had listened to these apathetic sentences without much interest, but the sum of their message appeared suddenly to catch his attention. He sat upright, and after a moment's frowning, brown study, looked sharply up at his sister.

"What was his name?" he asked with abruptness.

"I don't in the least remember," she made answer, holding the desk top up, but temporarily suspending her search. "He was a little man, five-and-fifty, I should think. He had long, gray hair,—a kind of Quaker-looking man. He said he saw the name over the door, and he remembered your telling him your people were booksellers. He got back here yesterday or the day before. He said he didn't know what you'd been doing since you left Mexico. He didn't even know whether you were in England or not."

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Thorpe had been looking with abstracted intentness at a set of green-bound, cheap British poets just to one side of his sister's head. "You must find that card!" he told her now, with a vague severity in his voice. "I know the name well enough, but I want to see what he's written. Was it his address, do you remember? The name itself was Tavender, wasn't it? Good gad! Why is it a woman never knows where she's put anything? Even Julia spends hours looking for button-hooks or corkscrews, or something of that sort, every day of her life! They've nothing to do except know where things are, right under their nose, and yet that's just what they don't know at all!"

"Oh, I have a good few other things to do," she reminded him, as she fumbled again inside the obscurity of the desk. "I can put my hand on any one of four thousand books in stock," she mildly boasted over her shoulder, "and that's something you never learned to do. And I can tell if a single book is missing, and I wouldn't trust any shopman I ever knew to do that."

"Oh, of course, you're an exception," he admitted, under a sense of justice. "But I wish you'd find the card."

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"I know where it is," she suddenly announced, and forthwith closed the desk. Moving off into the remoter recesses of the crowded interior, she returned to the light with the bit of pasteboard in her hand. "I'd stuck it in the little mirror over the washstand," she explained.

He almost snatched it from her, and stood up, the better to examine it under the gaslight. "Where is Montague Street?" he asked, with rough directness.

"In Bloomsbury,—alongside the Museum. That's one Montague Street. I don't know how many others there may be."

Thorpe had already taken up his umbrella, and was then buttoning his coat. "Yes,—Bloomsbury," he said hurriedly. "That would be his form. And you say he knew nothing about my movements or whereabouts,—nothing about the company, eh?" He looked at his watch as he spoke. Evidently the presence of this stranger had excited him a good deal.

"No," she assured him reflectively; "no, I'm sure he didn't. From what he said, he doesn't know his way about London very well, or anywhere else, for that matter, I should say."

Thorpe nodded, and put his finger to his forehead with a meaning look. "No; he's a shade off in the upper story," he told her in a confidential tone. "Still, it's important that I should see him," and with only a hasty handshake he bustled out of the shop.

By the light of the street lamp opposite she could see him on the pavement, in the pelting rain, vehemently signaling with his umbrella for a cab.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

Pictures by Henry Hutt

TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER

DOCTOR LAYTON had worked hard all the morning. His office-hours were over, but there were still patients waiting for him. Although it was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, he had not eaten since eight in the morning, and he felt a great weariness of mind, soul and body.

He worked on until the last patient was disposed of, then he threw himself down into a large, leather office-chair in front of a table, folded his arms on it, and dropped his head forward on them,—an attitude of rest familiar with him. He sat thus motionless for perhaps ten minutes; then the bell rang, and he impatiently uttered something which might have been an oath had it been distinct enough to be intelligible. In a moment there came a tap on the door of the consulting-room.

"What is it?" he demanded without raising his head.

"A lady to see you, Doctor," said Jennie's voice outside.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "I can't stand another woman to-day. Come in." Jennie entered. "Who is she?" he asked.

"She didn't give any name, Doctor. She said to tell you she could wait. She came in a carriage, and it's waiting for her outside."

"Did you ever see her before?"

"Not as I remember. Still there's a familiar look about her," replied the young maid, trying to remember. She saw that Doctor Layton was in a bad humor,—something he had shown so rarely until lately that she hardly knew how to deal with him in its presence.

"Well, tell her she'll have to wait until I am ready to see her, or come again. I'm nearly starved and tired to death. I'll ring when I'm ready for her if she waits,—if she doesn't, come back and tell me, and I'll take my time. I must have something to eat at once. Did you get that milk ready for me?"

"Yes, Doctor. It's here in the pitcher. Shall I bring it to you, and the bread and butter?" Jennie asked anxiously.

"Yes. Bring them."

Jennie did so, then started to return to the patient, when Layton called her back. "Jennie!"

"Yes, Doctor."

"When you get her settled, go upstairs to my room, and on the shelf of my closet, on the left-hand side, you'll see a row of bottles. There is one labeled whisky, and one bitters. Bring them to me. The other things I want are down here."

"Yes, sir." And with a regretful look at Doctor Layton, Jennie went out.

Like every one who came under him, Jennie's admiration for Layton amounted well-nigh to worship. His mixture of strength and gentleness never failed to attract his inferiors. Though Jennie was but a young girl, she felt a maternal regret when seeing him so tired, and especially at his first return to "the bracer," after a year and a half's abstinence,—as far as she knew. She, like Ol, abhorred alcohol in any form, because she had suffered from its effect upon a worthless father.

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In a few moments she returned with the bottles and the information that the lady would wait. Then she left him alone.

Layton drank his glass of milk and ate his bread and butter, after which, pushing them aside, he got another glass and more bottles.

"I'll mix a Manhattan and drink it to her health," he muttered aloud,—"to the health of the woman who flirts with reform. There never was the slightest sense in my taking a pledge, because total abstinence is not temperance, but every man's an ass when he gives himself to a woman. But I did it to please her,—I'd have turned parson, too, to please her. She couldn't see her way to do it, after all! She could have seen better had not the Chicago parson stood in her light! I was not the only man, after all!"

He laughed sneeringly as he stood mixing the cocktail, muttering to himself, "I'm so done up to-day I'll have to sit down to this. Where's my corkscrew? For the life of me, I can't remember. Isn't there one in that silver knife somebody gave me last Christmas? It's here in my pocket, I believe."

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He felt for the corkscrew, bringing out with it several small articles, among them a gold chain. "There's the chain that bound me to her like the dogs attached to the fashionable girls on the avenue taking a constitutional. I took mine,—a long one, lasting a year and a half." He stood perfectly silent for a moment, looking down at his hands. One held the chain, the other the drink. He slowly raised the glass toward his lips, but his eyes were sealed to the gold links in his other hand. His jaw quivered as if a chill were coming on. Suddenly he dropped the glass to the floor at his feet, raised the chain to his lips, and with a low, painful cry, "Louise! Louise! I cannot!" he dropped into his chair again, laying his head on his arms. Thus he sat motionless for a time, breathing hard, with the chain pressed against his mouth. Gradually his body relaxed. The arm of the hand holding the chain stretched itself out. He closed and opened his hand over the token, as if he were alternately clinging and letting go.

During this automatic

"Is that all, Everett? Every single thing?"

action he unconsciously touched the electric button with his hand. Immediately he heard voices in the hall reminding him of the patient. "That woman! I forgot her!" he exclaimed, pushing the broken glass under the table with his foot.

"Thank you," said a voice outside. "I can see now; it was so dark in the hall."

"It's Louise!" thought Layton, glancing at the bottles. It certainly was Louise's voice! "Louise!" he called, moving quickly to meet her as Jennie closed the door.

"Everett! Are you there? I have come to you! I could not stay away!" Louise, standing there in her traveling clothes, held out her hands to him.

He made no further motion toward her, but stood still, doubt, regret, joy mingling in the expression of his face. "Have you been waiting in there all this time?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, dropping her hands; "I told the maid I would wait——"

"How could I know it was you? What have you come for? You said you would not, and have never written why."

"Oh, Everett, it was all a mistake. Don't you see how bad my eyes have grown? I cannot see your face where you stand now. That was what I meant in the telegram,—I meant, literally, that *I* could not travel alone, and you must come for me; and 'Write' meant for you to write. I expected a letter from you on Christmas morning. When nothing came my heart nearly broke, then in the excitement of answering your telegram I suppose I was not explicit. Ol says that is the way you felt about it."

"Ol! How did he tell you that? He never writes letters."

"No, but he came all the way out to Chicago and brought me back to you——"

"God bless Ol!" exclaimed Layton.

"I was so glad, Everett, when your telegram came!—so glad I did not know how to answer it,—I am not used to them, as you are. And I have waited and waited for you to come or to send word all these months. If Ol had not come I never should have seen you again, because a woman almost blind must wait even more than other women——"

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"Louise!" Layton exclaimed, his face transfigured. "My dearest! Are you sure of yourself? Is it true that you have come to stay with me? Come here, if it is."

He held out his arms, and Louise walked straight into them. But suddenly he dropped them, saying, "I forgot. It is too late,—you came a half hour too late. The beast in me was almost too strong when left alone."

"What do you mean, Everett?" she asked, looking at him in fear of his words.

"Come over here and I will show you." He led her to the table, indicating the bottle with his free hand. "I kept my word, even to this small part, until you were in my house once more. I was deadly tired,—I had lost faith and courage. I mixed a cocktail for the first time since that Christmas. But I could not drink it, dear. I touched the chain; you seemed to come to me,—I felt your arms about my neck,—I could not do it."

But Louise, holding on to the lapels of his coat with both hands, and forcing him to look into her eyes, asked: "Is that all, Everett? Every single thing?"

"Everything, as I love you," he murmured, looking the truth he spoke.

"Then it is just the same. I have come just the same. I have learned to know and forgive, dear. My life out there has taught me to see plainer, even though I am going blind. Each hath his own sin and sorrow, to be cured only by love. I am better fitted to be your wife now than before I——"

He stopped her by suddenly taking her into his arms, murmuring, "My wife! my angel wife," as he kissed her mouth and every other available spot on her face. "'To err is human, to forgive divine.' Take off your hat, dearest, I can't see you with it on, and sit down here beside me on the sofa. Have you been traveling? You must be tired. Come, tell me all about it. I know only one thing—the best thing—that you love me,—otherwise you would not be here. Are the eyes really so much worse? The opacity must have increased with unusual rapidity. It will soon be *cataracta matura*, ready for extraction."

"Or, as the doctor in Chicago says, it may not go any farther for a long time to come. Do not entertain false hopes, Everett. You are taking a blind incumbrance into your life. If I did not love you so I could not accept the sacrifice——"

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"Hush, dearest; never say that word again. I will repeat for the last time that sacrifice bears no part in my love for you. Sacrifice means the relinquishment of the desired object. I want nothing but you, so where is the sacrifice? Even if I knew you were going into incurable darkness, you would be to me the one woman,—the only wife for me. I love to give. It is no merit in me, because it is my pleasure, and my guidance through the misty years could never balance all you will do for me, nor the joy your very presence gives me. Why, Louise, I've been made over since you came into the room. I must be like the actor who needs his audience as an incentive to his best efforts. I was never meant to live for myself,—I was meant to live for you, Louie, dear. Now tell me when you reached New York, but first promise you will never again use that word 'sacrifice' between us, unless by way of punishment. Promise right away, because I want to hear the rest you have to tell me."

"I promise, Everett," replied Louise, almost inaudibly. "You overpower me, as you always have done; but my promise is my law, and you may depend upon it that, no matter how much I think about your generosity and devotion, I shall never express it again in that way."

"That is right. But it would be better still never to waste thought in that direction. Now tell me," he said, taking off her gloves, as though he meant it to be fully understood that she belonged to him.

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"Well, after dear old Ol came out there and explained things, he would not see Chicago, nor go lake-fishing with some man he traveled out with. He insisted upon bringing me East by the first train. He had arranged for me to go to Shannock this morning, while he was to come here and talk to you, but when we arrived at eight o'clock I couldn't go on after 'the foolishest mix-up' Ol says he ever heard of. I was afraid to trust any one but myself to see you, and as long as I had promised to come long ago, I came and left Ol looking for a new net at a big shop where they make them. He said he could find his way here, then we would take the afternoon train to Shannock. I have telegraphed Uncle Billy I am coming. Can't you go down with me?"

"No, sweetheart, you must not tempt me, for I can't go and leave a poor stone-cutter at the hospital, whose left eye has to be operated on to-morrow. You understand, Louise, don't you?" he added anxiously. "You surely understand that I would not leave you for any professional work that meant only money, but this poor fellow hasn't a cent put by, and he has about ruined one eye by a chip from a block. I promised my services for to-morrow to him,—after that I am yours to command. I'll follow you down there and stay a day or two,—yes, even a week,—after that. You do understand, don't you?"

"Yes, Everett, of course I understand. Don't think I am unresponsive because I am jealous of your nobility—too. I am silent in wonder that I could have failed to see this great light in your nature, so overshadowed was it to me by your imperfections. It must make you feel very good to be naturally so kind, doesn't it?"

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"Nonsense! That is where your trouble lies, Louise,—before you saw me all bad; now you see me all good. I'm neither one nor the other. I'm just the ordinary man, without any great perfections, with many shortcomings, but with no black sins. But it doesn't make a bit of difference what I am as long as you love me."

"It does to me," she replied earnestly. "It makes a great deal of difference. All the rest of our lives you are going to be the Doctor Layton I know, not the Doctor Layton New York knows. Father would be so glad if he could see us, dear. He thought a great deal of you."

"I am proud to know that, Louise. You can always trust a man a long ways when older men like your father have any respect for him. I think better of myself when you tell me that. You can continue the reform movement on me for many years to come. Did you find your vocation out there?" he asked teasingly.

"No, I did not. Unfortunately, I have not the influence over numbers of people that you and Mrs. Strangemore have. I can only influence a few, while all of those who come in contact with you feel your power."

"Why, my child, I never tried to convert anybody in my life!" he exclaimed, laughing.

"You do not have to try; you succeed unconsciously, Everett, just as Ol does. There is one thing I wish to do. There is a little waif out there whom I love devotedly. She brought more vision into my life than even Mrs. Strangemore did. I would like to educate her, and assist her to help herself later on,—if you do not object."

"Object! Hardly! We'll endow a foundling hospital on our wedding day, if that would gratify you."

"No, I only wish to keep little Nellie or any one else who comes directly in my way, as you do. I am not fitted for the life Mrs. Strangemore leads. Isn't that your bell? Perhaps it is Ol,—and I must go."

"I can't let you go yet! What! Only one minute together, after all this time! I'll go out and see," replied Layton rising. "How shall we ever thank Ol, Louise?"

"We never can, except by our friendship," she replied gently. "Ol's is too fine a nature to desire much in the way of reward."

Layton met Jennie coming down the hall. "Is it Ol Peckham?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jennie, trying not to laugh as she attempted to imitate Ol. "He said, 'Tell Doc there's time'n to spare,—there ain't no rush. I'll catch my breath while he's mootchin'.' What does 'mootchin'' mean, Doctor?"

"Oh, it's one of his country expressions. I'll see him at once," replied Layton.

Ol sat with his hat on, holding in one hand a small paper bag, from which he was eating wintergreen and peppermint lozenges.

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"Have some?" was all he said by way of salutation to Layton, offering the bag. "I never 'lowed to find any good candy in this town same's I git in Shannock, but I seen this in a bake-shop, an' got it quick."

He was observing Layton with his slow gaze, which covered great depths of penetration. "'Spose there be 'nough sweet things round fur you now without eatin' candy. Candy be all the sweet things I've got, 'n I buy lots o' it fur comfort. You're lookin' sort o' different from what you was las' week. I cal'late I brung you a bracer."

"You did, Ol. Shake hands on it, won't you? You have done so much for me all my life, but this makes the debt larger than I can ever repay——"

"Shucks!" interrupted Ol. "Take a pep'mint an' hush yure talk. Talkin's cheap when there ain't nothin' to talk 'bout. Where's gurl? That train'll be goin' 'long without us if we tadpole around here long."

"Back in the office. Come on back there, then I will see you off. It is only a short ride to the station," said Layton.

"I cal'late you feel like a sunny day inside, don't you, Doc?" asked Ol as he got up.

"Yes, like a summer full of them," replied Layton, turning to look at his friend.

"Then 'twere more'n wuth while. We'll shake hands an' never say no words 'bout it no more." Ol held out his hand, which Layton wrung in his strong grasp, then without a word Ol followed him down the hall.

When Ol saw Louise, he walked toward her, smiling genially as he remarked: "Found the place all right, did you, gurl? Them hackmen oughter be made Presidents, they know so much. Have a pep'mint, gurl? Womenfolks al'ays likes 'em, same's I do."

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Louise took one to please him, and he continued: "I traipsed round everywheres,—all round the airth, seemed like, gettin' that net, but I run it to airth at las', an' here I be. It's nacherel's life to be all together again, ain't it?" His eyes lit on the bottles. "Doc, what be them things there? You ain't broke yure agreement, 'a' you?"

"Not quite, Ol. I just missed doing it. You brought her just in time," he replied.

"I'd 'a' been real sorry if you'd done it, 'cause I know what the meanin' o' them things be if kep' up stiddy; an' if a feller's likes 'em once makes a beginnin', he be likely not to know when to stop. If there's any thankful feelin's in you, Doc, 'bout my bringin' back gurl to you, you'll show 'em by lettin' them cocktails be. Plain whisky be bad 'nough, but they ain't fit fur the stommics o' pigs, let alone a-man's."

"We'll try to show our gratitude to Ol that way, won't we, Doctor Layton?" asked Louise, looking at her lover.

"Yes, we will. If a man couldn't give up that much to his two best friends he doesn't deserve them. No more cocktails, Ol, as long as we all live," replied Layton, taking Louise's hand. "Ol, 'gurl' is going to be my wife, and I am a proud man."

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"That be as it should be," Ol replied, holding the candy bag open in his hand. "Them that be suited belongs together,—jined together, the preacher says when he hitches 'em,—an' a man ought to feel like a President when he knows's he's got gurl fur life. She ain't no common sort, as I've tole you before, an' the man as gits her can't be proud 'nough. Marryin' be nacherel, an' the bes' way fur mos' folks, but when it ain't bes' it's mighty bad,—worse'n drivin' cattle an' mules together. Folks had ought to use each other square, an' not be bilin' over 'bout all them little things folks can't help a doin' this side o' Kingdom come. I al'ays 'lowed if they'd think 'bout the other real hard, an' not all the time 'bout theirselves, there wouldn't be no divorce bixness goin' on. Well, we mus' be movin' if we're goin' to Shannock to-day. The boss'll be all spunked up by the news, won't he? Yure Uncle Billy lays great store by you both. Cal'late I'll jes' go in the front room a minute or two an' finish eatin' this candy. You two'll find plenty to do without me that long."

Ol went out, and they stood together for a moment before going to the station.

The distant connection of Doctor Layton's first wife remarked, when she heard of his second marriage: "What! Everett Layton married that icicle! I understand now why she flared up so that time when I told her father the truth about him. I don't doubt but she was the cause of all of Mabel's unhappiness while she lived, and I shall say so."

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Even many of Doctor Layton's friends wonder among themselves how a woman with such a spirituelle face and general upliftedness of disposition and tastes could have married a worldly man like him; but at the same time they confess how beautiful is his devotion to his wife, with whom, to this day, he walks or drives every afternoon between the hours of four and six, regardless of other demands upon his time. They will never understand how he could neglect one wife so flagrantly, and bestow almost exaggerated devotion upon another,—even an afflicted one, like the second Mrs. Layton.

What would our friends do if they did not have the outside of us to pepper! Earth would be Heaven, or some other unfamiliar place, and the regular scheme might be thwarted if they were deprived of their privileges. No, that would never do. Friendly remarks passed along relative to our conduct are like medicines of the homeopathic school; it takes poison to antidote poison. No doubt, some day we will learn to be adequately grateful.

It verges upon the pathetic to see Doctor and Mrs. Layton taking their afternoon walk together, although they live too entirely for each other to be self-conscious. The cataract is not yet ripe for operation; it seems to progress by stages, but Layton does his best to make his wife forget that "the glory" of vision is no longer hers. As she takes his arm when they walk her eyes appear less dim, for the light of her love shines through the increasing opacity. They both have the comfort of hope; they know that some day she will see again. They built a cottage at Weecapaug, not far from Melissa's, where Louise spends her summers with Uncle Billy, Doctor Layton running down as often as he can, and Uncle Billy is a happier man than he has been in many years.

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Melissa has never found "a partner," but she still smiles. Sade now rests in the family burying-ground, waiting, as she used to say, "fur the one an' only trump I'm liable to hear,—Gabriel's," but Melissa never hired other help—she "'lows she ain't so rich nor han'some's anybody'd steal or murder her."

Ol and Mary Ann move picturesquely on through life. His hair shows gray, but the young look on his face never changes. Facial expression is only an index to the heart, and his organ of life never grows old nor loses its natural joyous immaturity. He said the other day, when some one asked him why he had never married:

"Land sakes! What more does a fellow like me want'n Mary Ann an' fishin'? When the right gurl comes 'long, I cal'late to marry, an' not before. It be easier to hitch than unhitch."

When the children playing on the sand at the foot of the dunes ask him to open his little gold locket and let them see inside, he says good-humoredly, "Couldn't do it fur nothin'. My fortune's locked up in there, an' it might spill out if I wus to open it."

But there are many times when he does open the locket alone with Mary Ann, and once in a long while Ol Peckham sighs.

(THE END)

"Couldn't do it fur nothin'. My fortune's locked up in there, an' it might spill out if I wus to open it"

RED TAPE AND RAT TRAPS

By Frederick T. Gordon

THAT the administration of Government affairs is a matter of red tape, the daily comments of the newspapers bear witness; but seldom has the unwinding of the indispensable tape been more aptly illustrated than in a little correspondence, between the General Storekeeper and a certain department, which has lately come to light.

It seems a warehouse was infested with rats which were doing considerable damage to the Government property stowed therein, so the Storekeeper was instructed from headquarters to requisition for six rat traps. After the necessary papers had been made out in quadruplicate, and had passed through the hands of numberless officials, the traps were delivered, with an injunction that a report must be rendered quarterly on the total number of rats caught and the efficiency of each trap separately.

All well and good. But when the first report came in the head of the department was much displeased to find blanks in all the spaces; not a rat had been caught. Back went the report to its maker, with an indorsement asking the reasons for such a lack of efficiency. It was as promptly returned with the indorsement: "No cheese to bait traps authorized."

Thereupon the head sent instructions to requisition for cheese, and also to report on each piece of cheese used, how large it was, and how long it would stand being nibbled. Thinking that now the question was settled, the head turned to other rolls of tape and calmly awaited reports.

At the end of the next quarter once more the reports came in; all the spaces were neatly filled in with red ink, but no rats were returned as caught. This time the head got a little angry, and sent a sharp letter to the Storekeeper; but his anger then was mild compared to his frame of mind when the report once more came to him with this indorsement underscored: "Efficiency of traps . . . excellent; quality of cheese . . . excellent; reason for no rats being caught . . . no labor allowed by department for baiting traps."

The head set all his clerks to hunting for the rating of such labor and an appropriation therefor, but none could be found, so with a mighty slash of his scissors he cut the red tape binding the difficulty, and sent instructions to the Storekeeper to add this duty to those of one of his clerks.

The time came round again for the reports, and the head, who had become deeply interested in the rat-trap muddle, eagerly turned to the documents submitted; as before, not a rat was accounted for.

When the atmosphere had cleared sufficiently for the clerks to venture back, a telegram that almost melted the wires was sent to the Storekeeper. The answer came at once:

"Traps set and baited; cheese remains fit for use; labor satisfactory; would have caught rats, but janitor's cat has already destroyed all in the warehouse!"

* * *

TOLD AFTER DINNER

* *

The Prayer of a Devout Parrot

A RESIDENT of Pittsburg who spent a part of last summer in England tells in an exchange an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked, "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

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The Saving Power of Optimism

A WELL-KNOWN Dean now deceased was in the habit of telling the following humorous story:

A couple of frogs,—one a pessimist, the other an optimist,—took a stroll into the country, and in the course of their peregrinations came to a dairy. On the floor of the dairy were some pans of cream into which the frogs fell. The pessimist swam and struggled and struggled and swam, but was unable to get out, so he gave up the ghost.

The optimist, too, swam and struggled. But, unlike his fellow-unfortunate, he kept a good heart, and swam and struggled and struggled and swam, until at last, through his exertions, the cream was churned into butter, and he sat on top of it!

THE SECRET THAT CAME BETWEEN THEM

How Doris Spent Her Allowance

By J. A. Flynn

WHEN Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They're all nice girls in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them; but they aren't Doris.

She was always my favorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was artful of her mother to teach her to say, "Nice uncle!" before she could toddle; but she did, and that settled the question of favoritism.

Doris is a romantic young person, with a weakness for writing poetry, and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

"Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault——"

"He hasn't," she assured me.

"Well, if he had, it would be a tendency to extravagance. It is much better that he should underrate the resources of the establishment." So at last she consented. I always had a good bit of influence over her.

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When they had been married about fifteen months she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three times, and termed me "dear old uncle" twice; so I knew that she had come to propose something preposterous.

"Well, madam," I inquired, crossing my legs and folding my hands judicially, "may I ask the real purport of this demonstration of affection?"

She traced the pattern of the carpet thoughtfully with her parasol. "It is getting rather worn," she said, "and the pattern is too small. I should have a warmer color next time, if I were you; and—oh!—I came to propose something."

"Yes, my dear," I said calmly; "I could have told you that."

"You are so clever," she said enthusiastically, "that I don't believe you ever——"

"Well?"

"I really did want to pay you one compliment, if you hadn't stopped me." She traced the pattern again, rather nervously.

"By all means,—if you wish to do so."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is very kind of you, uncle, really. I don't mean that for flattery." She touched my arm with her tiny gloved hand and I patted it gently. "You were right. I was going to own, about keeping it secret."

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"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked with alarm. He is an unusually nice fellow, and had seemed quite steady since the marriage.

"Oh, dear, no!" she cried. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Then how is my wisdom proved?"

"I am going to explain. You—you won't be cross—or satirical—will you, uncle? Promise." She leaned eagerly toward me.

"Very well. I promise not to be cross or satirical; but, of course, I may object."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?"

"Yo—es. Go on, my dear." They were rather of the dabby order, to my mind.

"I call them beautiful; but they won't have them at the Academy,—I'm sure it's only jealousy,—and he can't sell them often."

"Umph!" I now felt certain that she wanted me to purchase them!

"I want you to get an agent to buy some,—with my allowance,—which Harry knows nothing about."

I tried to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and baby with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and,—I do so want to,—uncle,—dear." She paused for breath, with her big eyes looking entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man, without being a great artist," I said at last.

"But you wouldn't mind, would you?"

"No, my dear," I told her, "I shouldn't mind. It is a very good plan,—of a very good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest.

Doris' plans were duly carried out,—they generally are. We bought eleven of the masterpieces for £215.

Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of her small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale. So we felt sure that he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I began to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is to be kept a secret from Doris, you must understand."

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"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands, and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my old daubs," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall for me. So I want to do something for Dorry."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called Roseleaves,—and it wasn't half bad, either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house,—and husband."

"Certainly. But they were published at her own risk—or——?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so." Ninety-five pounds odd I had to pay for excess of costs over receipts.

"It has always been a sore point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy up the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully,—and she deserves the pleasure."

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I nearly choked with laughter, but I managed to control my countenance.

"A splendid idea, and does you credit."

We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a check for £202 18s. 4d. went to Doris from her publishers.

She came round just before dinner next day to tell me; but, to my surprise, she seemed very dismal. After a few minutes' gloomy conversation she sat down on the rug at my feet and put her head on my knees, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and—and—I looked in his check-book—and—he's spent it all. I know it is on—some one else."

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said cheerily. "Come, my dear, you mustn't give way."

"I wouldn't have cared for myself, if he had just bought something for the dear little baby," she continued huskily.

"Give him a little more time," I suggested. "I shall see him at the club this evening, if you let him out——"

"He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said scornfully.

"Don't be a little donkey!" I said sharply. I seldom speak crossly to Doris. If I do she generally cries, and makes me feel like a brute. On this occasion, however, it acted as a tonic.

"Men are all wicked, deceitful wretches," she pronounced emphatically. "I suppose you and he will make up some fine story to put me off. But I won't believe a word of it—so there!" And she bounced out.

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I went round to the club after dinner, and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I expected. He was very dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle," he whispered gloomily, "Doris hasn't said a word about the check for the poems. I thought, perhaps, she hadn't opened the letter,—you know she's jolly careless about such things,—so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon, to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't,—but the envelope was. So was her check-book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it, and found that she had a lot of money I knew nothing of; and had just paid a check for over a couple of hundred."

"Heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely wouldn't suspect her of anything wrong?"

"Wrong,—certainly not; foolish,—nothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely.

"You fellows are missing the best game of the season," said that interfering fool, Dobson, appearing at the corner of the alcove. "Harris has just made forty-three." So we went to look at the play. When I turned round to speak to Harry he had bolted.

I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left, and took a cab to their house, resolved to have done with secrets. The truth might hurt their vanity; but they'd have to put up with that. When I entered the drawing-room they were both there, and I plunged at once into the matter.

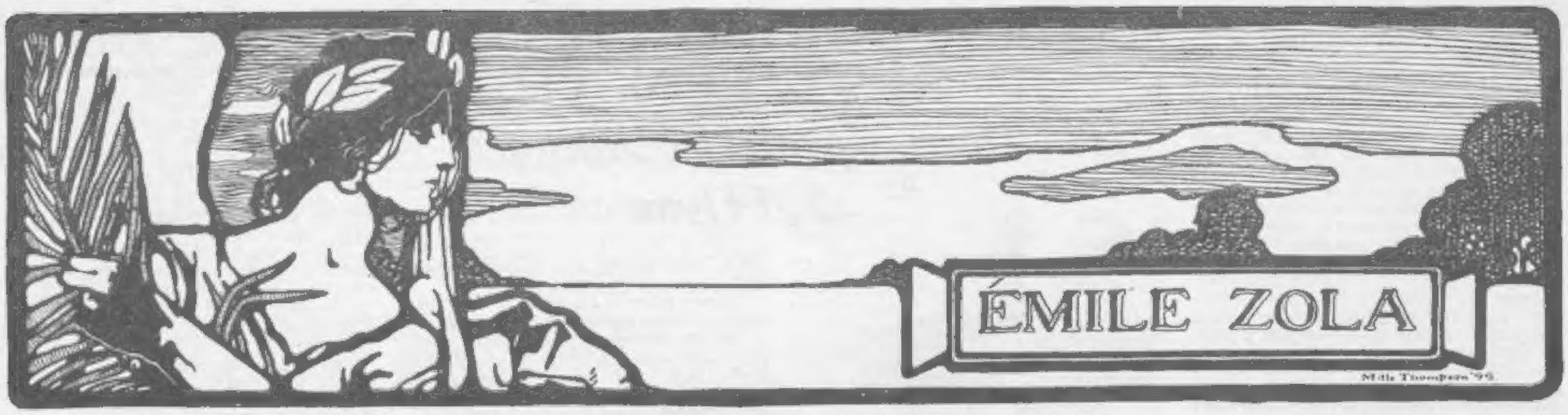
"Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry put his arm round her, and they both laughed.

"I've found out," said he.

"So," she said, "have I. I think you're a pair of wicked, deceitful creatures; and I should certainly be very cross if—if—I didn't like you both so much!"

"I should have a warmer color next time, if I were you; and—oh!—I came to propose something"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Secret that Came Between Them, is taken from St. Paul's.



THE MAN AND HIS WORK

By ROBERT H. SHERARD

ZOLA'S PARIS HOUSE

NULLA dies sine linea,—not a day without a line.

This is the motto which is engraved in large gold letters in the study of Zola's country house at Médan. It has been the constant rule of his literary life not to let a single day pass without accomplishing a certain fixed task at his writing-table. It is to the steady observance of this rule that he attributes his great success.

Zola's daily task is to produce four pages of manuscript equivalent to three pages of the ordinary French yellow-back novel. In his self-imposed exile he is following this rule to-day, after the painful interruption in his habits of industry which was forced upon him by his fight on behalf of Alfred Dreyfus. During that stormy period there were months during which he never wrote a line.

In Zola's own words: "It is the continuity of effort which makes big monuments."

The actual writing of his books Zola considers the most agreeable part of his work. Some years ago he had a long conversation with the celebrated Italian author, Signor Edmondo de Amicis, in which he explained his methods of work,—an explanation which he has repeated again and again since then.

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De Amicis had visited Zola shortly after the publication of L'Assommoir, which was his first success.

"You ask me how it is done," said Zola. "As a matter of fact, I can hardly claim to 'do it.' I ought rather to say that it does itself. I cannot invent facts, for I am absolutely lacking in the faculty of imagination. If I sit down to my table to think out the plot of a story, I remain sitting there for days together, with my head in my hands, racking my brains and finding nothing.

"As a consequence, I have had to give up troubling myself about the subject or plot of my stories. I begin to work upon a novel without knowing what events will be described, nor what characters will take part in the action, nor what the beginning or the end will be. I only know who is to be my principal character, male or female,—always an old acquaintance, a member of the Rougon or Macquart families which I have created.

"I occupy myself with him alone; I reflect on his character, I think of his family, of his first impressions in life, and of the class of society in which I have decided to place his life. That is my most important occupation,—to study the people with whom my principal character will have to do, the places which he will have to inhabit, the air which he will have to breathe, his profession, his habits, down to the most trivial occupations with which he will fill up his spare moments.

"After spending two or three months in this study I am master of this particular kind of life. I see it, I feel it, I live in it, and I am certain of being able to give to my novel the special color of that class of people. I have learned the language which that class of people talk, I have made the acquaintance of individuals belonging to it. I have in my head a quantity of types, of scenes, of fragments of dialogue, of episodes, of occurrences, which form a confused story made up of a thousand disconnected fragments.

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"Then there remains to be done what for me is the most difficult task of all,—the attaching to a single thread, as best I am able, all these scattered impressions and reminiscences. It is always a lengthy task. But I set to work on it phlegmatically, and instead of using my imagination I use my reasoning faculties. I argue with myself. I write down what occurs to me in the form of a monologue, which, read by a stranger, would seem incomprehensible.

"So-and-so does this or that. What would be the natural result of such and such an act? How would such an act affect my principal character? I work as a detective works who wishes to discover the author of a mysterious crime from some very slight clue.

"Often, however, great difficulties stand in my way. Sometimes there are only two threads to be knotted together,—the most simple of consequences to be deduced,—and I cannot manage to do it. I tire myself out thinking it over, and worry myself uselessly. Two, three or four days go by. At last, some fine morning, while I am at breakfast and am thinking of something altogether different, my two threads suddenly knot themselves together, the deduction is found, and all my difficulties are overcome. Then a flood of light is poured over the whole of my novel. I see it all, and all is finished. I become once more self-confident. I know that I shall succeed, and there remains for me nothing more than what I consider the most agreeable part of my work.

"And I sit down to write my book, quietly, methodically, as it were, with my watch in my hand. I write so much every day,—three pages of print, not a line more, and I only work in the morning. I hardly ever correct what I have written, because for months I have been thinking it all out, and as soon as I have written a page I put it aside and do not see it again until it is in print. I can tell in advance the exact day on which my book will be finished."

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Method is indeed the keynote of Zola's character,—method of the most precise and orderly kind. This fact impresses itself almost at once on the visitor to his house in the Rue de Bruxelles when he enters the novelist's study. Although his writing-table is covered with a hundred objects which may be described as the luxuries of penmanship, it is a very model of tidiness.

A tapestry cloth covers the large writing-table. In a bowl by the side of the brass-clasped blotting-pad is blue sand, which, by means of a gold spoon of a highly ornate character, is scattered over the wet page after the fashion which used to exist.

Zola sits at his table on a high-backed, sculptured chair, which looks as though it had once been a Bishop's throne. Over the back of this chair hangs a piece of embroidered silk,—part of a Bishop's stole. To Zola's right as he sits at his table is an Oriental cabinet filled with stationery in little drawers. A miniature gallows stands upon this cabinet from which hangs a huge watch, one of the first ever manufactured in the town of Nuremberg.

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In front of the cabinet stand side by side a blue-and-gold figure of the Madonna Tanagra statuette and a tiny Buddha. Elegant little trays filled with the most luxurious of penholders, pencil-cases, penknives and other paraphernalia are disposed about the table with rectilineal symmetry. Not the tiniest inkstain is anywhere apparent; not a scrap of paper litters the Oriental carpet.

ZOLA'S WORKING-ROOM

It is a favorite reproach leveled against Zola by his less successful contemporaries that he is a *bourgeois* as distinct from a *bohème*.

Yet there was a time when he, too, knew all the horrors of *la vie de bohème*. This was when he was twenty years old. He had failed to pass his university examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, curiously enough on the ground of total ignorance in literature. Without the diploma of a Bachelor of Arts it is impossible in France for a man to enter any profession, and so it was at the age of twenty,—that is to say, in the year 1860,—Zola found himself in Paris without resources and without employment.

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His mother and grandmother were dependent upon him. After knocking at many doors, he obtained a place as a clerk in a business house in the Rue de la Douane at a salary of twelve dollars a month. He was living at that time in an attic in the Rue St. Jacques, a miserable lodging, which he was obliged to abandon when, two months later, in despair at the drudgery of his life, he threw up his clerkship.

Then, indeed, began for him *la vie de bohème* in all its squalor. Driven from attic to attic with his womenfolk, it was only on rare occasions that he could add to the pennyworth of bread, which was his usual meal, a pennyworth of cheese.

"At this time of my life," he said to the writer, "I went through eighteen months of what, from a material point of view, was the most utter misery, without position, without money, without work, starving most of the time, and dressed in rags. How well do I remember the overcoat which I used to wear in those days! It was green with age, and so dreadfully shabby that the booksellers along the quays, when I wanted to indulge myself in the only pleasure allowed me at that time,—namely, turning over the second-hand volumes exposed for sale,—used to drive me away with threats of the police. I never read a newspaper, because I could not afford to buy one. I never entered a café. I gave up smoking, because if by any chance I ever had a copper to spare I preferred to spend it on a candle. The possession of a candle meant that I could work through the night at what was then, as it is now, my absorbing passion,—literature."

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It was so cold in the garret that, as he never could afford a fire, he often used to pass the whole of a winter's day in bed, blowing on his icy fingers to keep them warm. Yet he often speaks of this time as the happiest period in his life.

ZOLA'S BEDROOM

"I had found out," he says, "what was to be my walk in life, and I had found out, too, that, in spite of all difficulties, I could work steadily and with method."

During this period he wrote three long poems which have never been published. Five years previously, while a schoolboy at Aix, he had written a long, historical novel. He has the manuscript to this day, for Zola never destroys anything that he has written, and it amuses him at times to take it out and try to puzzle out the meaning of the writing. "But," he says, "I have never been able to read a word of it, so utterly illegible was my writing at the time."

At last, thanks to the intervention of a Monsieur Boudet, of the French Academy of Medicine, Zola was saved from a life which must surely have ended in starvation. M. Boudet introduced him to Hachette, the publisher, who admitted him into his employment. At first, Zola's occupation was to tie up the books in parcels, and his salary was four dollars a week. After a short time, however, he was promoted to the advertising department of the house, and his salary was doubled.

ZOLA'S DRAWING-ROOM

He now felt that he was saved; that, as he puts it, he had got his foot down. After finishing his day's work at the bookshop, punctually every night at half-past eight Zola used to sit down to his table and do a daily task of writing, so many pages, not more nor less, just as he does to-day, thirty-six years later. The same amount of work was done on Sundays, but on this day he worked in the mornings, and so strong was the habit of working at night upon him that he used to close the shutters of his window and light his candles.

By the time that he was twenty-eight Zola had written six novels, which had had little or no success, and had made a great number of influential enemies. Much of the hatred which he then aroused pursues him to this

STAIRWAY IN ZOLA'S HOUSE

day, and this explains the virulence of the attacks recently made against him.

The series of novels with which Zola's name will ever be connected, namely, the different volumes which go to form the "natural and social history of a family under the second Empire,"—the Rougon-Macquart novels,—was commenced shortly after he had published his novel, Madeleine Férat, which was a total failure.

It was in May, 1869, that Zola sat down to the task that was to keep him busily employed for more than twenty-five years. At first the series seemed foredoomed to end in failure. The war broke out, the serial publication of the first novel, La Fortune des Rougons, had to be interrupted, and when, after the war, it was resumed, it seemed as if the public had forgotten all about Zola.

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But Zola stuck to his work and went ahead. After L'Assommoir, Émile Zola's fame and fortune were assured. Nana was an even more colossal success, while in La Débâcle the author reached the high-water mark of popularity. In the height of success, as in the depths of misery, his conduct never varied. So many pages a day, not more, not less.

His life has always been as methodical as are his habits of work. He described himself in the preface to L'Assommoir as a worthy *bourgeois*, and that is just what he has always been. As soon as he could afford it he married. He cannot be said to have "settled down" on this occasion, because he had never led an unsettled life. Until a few years ago he was one of the most retiring of men. It was not until he had concluded what he looked upon as the work of his life, the Rougon-Macquart series, that he entered public life as a candidate for the Academy.

The general opinion about Zola's appearance by those who have never seen him is that he is a burly man, stout, slow and sensual. Indeed, there exists a photograph of him, taken many years ago, which would warrant such an opinion.

As he is to-day, however, he differs as much from that picture as can be conceived. A small, thin man, broad-shouldered, nervous in manner, with deep wrinkles all over his face, he looks like an ascetic, a man of sorrow. Never was a face more grandly pitiful than that which Zola turned upon the howling crowd in the Assize Court, when, after proclaiming Dreyfus' innocence in impassioned tones, the mob was hissing him.

But at all times his face is pale and careworn, and it is only when he is speaking on any subject in which he is greatly interested that it lights up. Then the remarkable eyes flash fire, and the genius of the inner man reveals itself under the insignificant mask. When he sits talking, his invariable attitude is with crossed legs, and from beginning to end of the conversation he jerks his foot from left to right and back again in rapid motion. He has a quiet, deep voice, but is constantly troubled with a nervous cough. Indeed, he describes himself as the most nervous man alive. His manner is always reserved. His enemies attribute this to a feeling of arrogant superiority, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is only due to the excessive nervousness referred to.

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He is slow to make friends, but when he has once admitted a man to his confidence he bestows on him a sincere affection. He is always ready to oblige. If his name never appears on any public subscription lists,—a circumstance which has recently been cast up against him,—it is because he prefers to allow Madame Zola to dispense his charities in secret. If one might violate his confidence, one could relate many acts of generosity on his part which would confound those who write him down as a sensual egoist.

As to the charge of sensuality, he readily admits that, having starved for so many years, he is taking revenge on Fate by indulging himself in the good things of the table. He enjoys a good dinner, and has been heard to say, after rising from the table, with assumed cynicism and no little sadness, "There is nothing in life to beat something good to eat."

He cares nothing about money. In the presence of the writer during his visit to England, the man who as a clerk was in receipt of twelve dollars a month refused an offer of $100,000, cash down, to sign an agreement for three books, because he did not wish to be tied so long in advance.

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Zola is happiest when he can get away from Paris and go down to his country house at Médan. He finds that he can work better in the country. At Médan his life is one of clockwork regularity. He rises at eight and goes out for a ride on his bicycle. He breakfasts at a quarter to nine, and after breakfast

ZOLA'S DINING-ROOM

works steadily at his writing-table till one o'clock. At one there is lunch, and after lunch Zola sleeps for an hour until the postman arrives with the morning papers from Paris. By four o'clock the papers have been read, and his letters have been answered.

Now that the bulk of the day's business is attended to, he spends the remainder of the afternoon by going on another ride on his safety, or by taking a row on the river in front of his house. Dinner is served at half-past seven, and at ten Zola retires to his room, but not to sleep, for the greater part of the night is spent in reading.

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During the recent troubles, which have come upon him for his heroic crusade for Dreyfus, he has shown himself what he has always been, a man of great courage, a man of method,—for nothing could be more methodical than the way in which, first, his attack and now his defense, have been conceived and carried out,—but above all, a man who is endowed with that quality of thoroughness which the Anglo-Saxons consider their proudest attribute.

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MR. ROBERT H. SHERARD

is the great-grandson of the poet William Wordsworth, and is connected by descent with the poets Sir Charles Sedley and Dryden. On his maternal grandfather's side he descends in direct line from the Curwens of Workington Castle, who distinguished themselves at Poictiers and Agincourt. He was born in 1861, and was educated on the Continent and at the Universities of Oxford, Bonn and Paris. On finishing his studies he gave himself up entirely to literature, and has written a number of works of fiction, biography and belles-lettres. He was an intimate friend of the late Alphonse Daudet, and until the beginning of the Dreyfus affair was on very cordial terms with Zola. He has opened a correspondence bureau,—the Paris Express News Bureau,—in Paris. He is engaged on a Life of Guy de Maupassant in collaboration with M. Hugues Rebell.

PAPER NUMBER TWO

HOW MEN MAKE THEIR FIRST $1000

RUSSELL SAGE

By GILSON WILLETS

RUSSELL SAGE is the most misunderstood person in New York. He can produce more hard cash at a moment's notice than any other millionaire in the United States, and his is the largest self-made fortune ever accumulated in America in a single lifetime.

At his birth, in 1816, his parents' highest hope for Russell, the last-born of six little Sages, was that he might turn out a good Congregationalist and a successful farmer. Eighty-three years later,—to-day,—he could buy all the farms in the middle of New York State; and though his trousers are still a-bag at the knees, his fortune is greater than the entire income of the United States Government for the year in which he was born.

How he built the foundation of this sky-scraping edifice of dollars; how this builder of a $100,000,000 fortune laid the corner-stone, the first $1000 bill, is told here, as nearly as can be remembered, in Russell Sage's own words:

"My farmer-father and my hard-working mother were very poor. In sickness they suffered for want of a doctor; in health they were obliged to allow others to suffer because of a helplessness to help.

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"At twelve years of age I perceived that poverty meant getting the minimum out of life, and that the fullness of life lay in a plump purse. I therefore made up my mind that money could and should be had. So, after helping my father all day on the farm, I chopped wood evenings for a rich neighbor, a gentleman farmer. At the end of the first week he gave me a dollar. I wish I had that bit of silver now, for it was the first dollar all my own. But I gave it to mother.

"The second year our rich neighbor made me a drawer of water as well as a hewer of wood, increasing my weekly allowance to two dollars. The third year he added odd jobs, notably that of mail-carrier to and from the post-office nine miles away, and I received the sum of three dollars a week.

"Thus, till I was fifteen, I worked on the farms during the summers, by day for my father and by night for my benefactor down the road, and attended the district school during the winters. That, by the way, was all the 'schooling' I received. On my fifteenth birthday my father died, and soon afterward my mother and I moved to Troy.

"Here I was apprenticed to my brother Henry. He owned a little corner grocery on River Street, and I became his errand-boy. I was now earning only one dollar a week in cash, but as I was also 'found,' and as I had a ravenous appetite, I considered that my brother was paying me really about four dollars a week. So, after all, I was making financial progress. It was probably all that I was worth,—all that other grocery boys of my age were getting. But while they spent their dollar each week, I saved half of mine, the other half going to my mother.

"At the end of the first year I had twenty silver dollars. I took them to my brother and asked for a twenty-dollar bill in exchange. Then I put that enormous fortune in the Bible in my room over the store, locking the Bible in my old trunk. I had learned the value of money; I understood that it was a friend. At the close of the third year with my brother my apprenticeship ended, and I had five twenty-dollar bills. Instead of hiding them in the Bible in the trunk I now put them in the local bank. That was my first one hundred dollars.

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"It is necessary to explain how I came to have five twenty-dollar bills when I should have had only three. To be brief, I made extra quarters then, as I have made extra dollars since. I was always ready for a 'swap.' As I was usually lucky, my quarters in time amounted to dollars. Indeed, that extra forty dollars over and above the saving from my earnings was accumulated by nickels, dimes and quarters at a time. They said I had a talent for 'dicker,' that I was slick at a 'hoss-trade,' and I guess they were right.

"I was now eighteen, worth one hundred dollars, a graduate of my brother's corner grocery. I told my brother that I would 'clerk' for him for twenty-five dollars a month and 'find' myself. I must have been a pretty good store hand, for he accepted my offer. I still saved half my wages each month, and by dint of the continued swapping of a thing worth one dollar for something I could sell for five dollars I soon accumulated another hundred dollars, putting it all in the bank. At the end of the first quarter I received a small check from the bank,—the interest on my capital.

"When I went to the bank to deposit this interest money the President called me into his little office and suggested that I invest money in a Government bond. 'Pay your two hundred dollars down on a one-thousand-dollar bond, and the rest in installments.'

"I accepted the bondholder's kind offer, and from that day on, while paying those installments as they came due, I was learning the full value of strict economy. At the end of two years, or five years after I first entered my brother's shop, I was the absolute owner of a one-thousand-dollar United States Government bond."

Thus in his twentieth year, by hard work and persistent economy, Russell Sage had accumulated his first thousand dollars.

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With the coming of the first quarterly check for the interest, however, he decided that his thousand dollars would yield more if invested in his brother's grocery. Anyway, he was willing to take the risk. So, at the bank, he exchanged his bond for a one-thousand-dollar bill, with which he bought a half interest in his brother's business. Two years later he bought his brother out and moved into a new shop twice the size of the old one, thus becoming, at twenty-three years of age, one of the "business men" of Troy.

At twenty-five he was worth $75,000, at twenty-eight, $300,000, and when he came to New York City at the age of forty-seven he brought with him his first half million of dollars. Twenty years later, on the disastrous day of the Grant and Ward failure, in 1884, he lost eight million dollars in less than eight hours. And the next morning he was again at his office, going through the usual routine of his work as if nothing had happened.

"I made a granite determination years ago," he says, "never to get excited about anything,—to preserve a serene disposition, with a cool, clear brain.

"As for that first one thousand dollars,—it was not so hardly earned as the first thousand of some men, but it nevertheless represented five years of hard work and economy. I am bound to say that any young man who really wants to make money has only to make up his mind to it and he will succeed. And it is while he is making the first thousand or two that he will learn how to make the rest. In starting out on his money-making career he must lay down cast-iron rules for regularity and temperance in every detail of his home life and the routine of his office. He must at any time choose the loss of every cent he has made rather than perform a single act of dishonesty. He must make it a point never to be in debt. It will do him no harm to be a close figurer in regard to small sums, refusing to pay fifty cents for an article worth only twenty-five.

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"People wonder how so busy a life as mine can be carried on for so many years. I do not use tobacco; I am temperate in the use of stimulants; I eat good, plain food and no late suppers; I keep regular hours, and I work,—that is why I am a young man at eighty-three.

"I say to the starters in life: Grasp every favorable opportunity while it is hot and hang on to it with the tightness of a vise, even if it burns you for a while. It is said that opportunities do not come to all. That is not true. The trouble with some young men is that they fail to recognize and to halt Opportunity as it sweeps by. The grasping of even the majority of his opportunities will, in the end, land any man on his feet upon the pinnacle of success.

"The nature of his work, however, must determine the character and limit of the success he can achieve in that line. If a young man is a clerk in a store or office, for instance, he cannot expect to make a million dollars out of clerking.

"But, observing all the rules for mind and body as I have defined them, let him save all the money he can and as soon as possible buy a share or small interest in his employer's business. By saving and self-denial he may soon be able to purchase a share or two in some bank or a part interest in a parcel of real estate. Always keeping his head clear and his body free from excesses, he will see chances to spread out, so that by the time he has one thousand dollars and is free and clear of debt nothing ought to stand between him and assured success."

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The People Who Live in Air-Castles

LIVING in an air-castle is about as profitable as owning a half-interest in a rainbow. Air-castles are built of golden moments; the only value of the air-castle is the raw material thus made valueless. The atmosphere of air-castles is stupefying and heavy with the incense of vague hopes and unrealized ideals. There man lulls himself into dreaming inactivity with the songs of the mighty deeds he is going to do, the wondrous name he intends to make, the great influence he some day will have, the vast wealth that will be his,—some time, some time in the sunlit days of the future.

Ambition is a great thing and a good thing, if it be in the right direction, but ambition must ever be made manifest in zeal, in determination, in effort; it must be united to constant work and tireless energy. If ambition be thus reinforced, thus combined, the thin, airy castle melts into nothingness, and the individual stands on a new, strong foundation of solid rock, whereon he can rear a mighty material structure to last through time and eternity. The air-castle represents the work of an architect without a builder; it means plans never put into execution. They tell us that man is the architect of his own fortunes. But if he be merely architect he will make only an air-castle of his life; he should be architect and builder, too.

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Living in the future is living in an air-castle. The man who says he will lead a newer and a better life to-morrow, who promises great things for the future and does nothing in the present to make that future possible, is living in an air-castle. In his arrogance he is attempting to perform a miracle; he is seeking to turn water into wine, to have harvest without seed-time, to have an end without a beginning.

If we would make our lives grand and noble, solid and impregnable, we must forsake air-castles of dreaming for strongholds of doing. Let us think little of the future except to determine our course, and to prepare for that future by making each separate day the best and truest that we can. Let us live up to the fullness of our possibility each day. Man has only one day of life,—to-day. He *did* live yesterday, he *may* live to-morrow, but he *has*,—only to-day.

The secret of true living,—mental, physical and moral, material and spiritual,—may be expressed in five words: *Live up to your proportion.* This is the magic formula that transforms air-castles into fortresses.

Men sometimes grow mellow and generous in the thought of what they would do if great wealth came to them. "If I were a millionaire," they say,—and they let the phrase melt in their mouths as if it were a caramel,—"I would found a college; I would build a great hospital; I would show what real charity is." Oh, it is all so easy, so easy, this spending of other people's fortunes! Few of us have a million, but we all have a portion of it. Are we living up to our proportion? Are we generous with what we have?

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The man who is not generous with one thousand dollars will never be generous with a million. If the generous spirit be a reality with the individual, instead of an empty boast, he will find opportunity every hour of his life to manifest it. The benevolence need not even be expressed in money at all. It may be shown in a smile of human interest, a word of sympathy, an instinctive outstretching of a helping hand to one in need.

No man living is so poor that he cannot manifest the spirit of benevolence toward his fellowman. It may assume that rare and wondrously beautiful phase of divine charity, kindness in judging, in realizing how often a motive is misrepresented in the act, how sin, sorrow and suffering have warped and hidden latent good. If we are not rich enough to give "cold, hard" cash, let us at least be too rich to give "cold, hard" words. Let us leave our air-castles of vague self-adulation for so wisely spending millions we have never seen, and live up to the full proportion of the worldly goods that are ours.

Let us cease saying "If I were," and say ever "I am." Let us stop living in the subjunctive mood and begin to live in the indicative.

The one great defense of humanity against the charge of unfulfilled duties is "lack of time." The constant clamoring for time would be pathetic were it not for the fact that most individuals waste more time than they use. Time is the only really valuable possession of man, for without it every power within him would cease to exist. Yet he recklessly squanders his one treasure as if it were valueless. The wealth of the whole world could not buy one second of time. Yet Society assassins dare to say in public that they have been "killing time." The time fallacy has put more people into air-castles than all other causes combined. Life is only time; eternity is only more time; immortality is merely man's right to live through unending time.

"If I had a library I would read," is the weak plaint of some other tenant of an air-castle. If a man does not read the two or three good books in his possession or accessible to him he would not read if he had the British Museum brought to his bedside and the British Army delegated to continual service in handing him books from the shelves. The time sacrificed to reading sensational newspapers might be consecrated to good reading if the individual were willing merely to live up to his proportion of opportunity.

The man who longs for some crisis in life wherein he could show mighty courage, while he is expending no portion of that courage in bearing bravely the petty trials, sorrows and disappointments of daily life, is living in an air-castle.

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The air-castle typifies any delusion or folly that makes man forsake real living for an idle, vague existence. Living in an air-castle means that a man has taken second or third choice in life and does not realize his mistake.

The man who wraps himself in the Napoleonic cloak of his egotism, hypnotizing himself into believing that he is superior to all other men, is living in an air-castle.

The man who believes that his life is the hardest in all the world, and who lets trifling cares and worries eclipse the glorious sun of his happiness, darkening his eyes to his privileges and his blessings, is living in an air-castle.

The woman who thinks the most beautiful creature in the world is seen in her mirror, and who exchanges all that is best in her for the shams, jealousies, follies and pretenses of society, is living in an air-castle.

The man who is determined to get rich, rich at any cost, and is willing to sacrifice honesty, honor, character, family,—everything he should hold dear,—for the sake of a mere stack of money-bags, is living in an air-castle.

Some men live in the air-castle of indolence; others in the air-castle of dissipation, of pride, of avarice, of deception, of bigotry, of worry, of envy, of intemperance, of injustice, of intolerance, of procrastination, of lying, of selfishness, or of some other mental or moral characteristic that withdraws them from the real duties and privileges of living.

Let us find out what is the air-castle in which we, individually, spend most of our time and we can then begin a re-creation of ourselves. The bondage of the air-castle must be fought nobly and unfringingly.

As man spends his hours and his days and his weeks in any air-castle, he finds that the delicate gossamer-like strands and lines of the phantom structure gradually become less and less airy; they begin to grow firm and firmer, strengthening with the years until, at last, solid walls hem him in. Then he is startled by the awful realization that habit and habitancy have transformed his air-castle into a prison from which escape is difficult.

And then he learns that the most deceptive and dangerous of all things is,—the air-castle. —THE EDITOR.

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"Consuming One's Own Smoke"

FORTUNATE are those people who journey back and forth to business on railroads where the locomotives are so constructed that they burn their own smoke. Life is easier and pleasanter for all concerned,—engineer, fireman and passengers. There are no bills at the oculists' to be paid. Fires set by wayward sparks do not cause litigation; linen remains immaculate; tempers are not tried; profane language is reduced to a minimum; all is serenity.

Thrice fortunate are those people who journey through life with husbands or wives, brothers or sisters, fathers or mothers who "consume their own smoke"; who, when irritated or thwarted or wounded, bear the burden in solitude, declining to make the disease epidemic. Such a man was Henry Drummond. Ever giving sympathy, he never asked it. Acting as father-confessor to more sick, sin-burdened souls than ever resorted to any other Protestant, he never confided to his most intimate friends the burdens and sorrows of his own life; he "consumed his own smoke."

Contrast this with the revelation respecting Wordsworth found in the latest chapter of the reminiscences of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She and her husband, Dr. S. G. Howe, when starting on a trip to and through England, were given letters of introduction from the most eminent of American authors to the most eminent of English authors.

Eager, we may be sure, to hear from his lips some of that inspiring wisdom which he was wont to utter when in converse with Coleridge, Christopher North and Southey, the Howes arrived in Ambleside one rainy afternoon. How great was their disappointment! Having recently suffered some pecuniary loss through an investment of his daughter's funds in worthless American securities, the poet and his family proceeded to vent their chagrin and their bitterness against America on their guests. The Howes were made scapegoats for the sins of their compatriots. "These losses," says Mrs. Howe, "formed the sole topic of conversation, not only between Wordsworth and Mr. Howe, but also between the ladies of the family and my sister and myself."

"Unable to consume their own smoke," the soot and cinders of the incident last to this day, soiling even now the memory of one whom the world would like to believe was impeccable, and proving that Wordsworth, like many other men of worth, had not learned, as Doctor Johnson said, that "Grief has its time." Nor does Doctor Johnson's wisdom on this theme end there. He also said: "To hear complaints is wearisome alike to the wretched and the happy."

As most of our friends are either wretched or happy, let us foster the remnant of liking they may still have for us by practicing the discipline of self-repression; by converting the force of sorrow into channels of beneficent action for others. Thus cometh a peace of soul to him who sorrows, and blessing to his fellowmen. —GEORGE PERRY MORRIS.

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Running a Railroad on Brotherly Love

ONE of the most exhaustive duties of modern life is to be "in touch," as the phrase goes, with that life. The difficulty is that one is in constant danger of having the reflective capacity numbed by the shock of impressions and of falling into a surface condition of living. Nor is that the worst of it. Large views of the insistent and manifold factors of life, without an implicit postulate of benignity working through it all to rectifying ends, comes at last to ennui and despair. The outlook is so large, and so contradictory and complex, that the mind, from sheer finiteness, gives over looking for the *majors* in the profound syllogism of life.

It is difficult for Brave Heart to see that brotherly love gains slowly in the world when the view is so intercepted with engines of human destruction. The brotherhood of man is pushed a little out of sight by bayonets. Higher ideals are not easily discernible in the smoke and dust of an almost deadly competition. It is a sad reflection that to be "in touch" is very apt to raise a doubt about the old writing lesson that "honesty is the best policy." One perceives that most of the enginery of industrial life is erected not to induce men to be honest, but to prevent them from being dishonest, and in the great arena of the political commonwealth it is not so much a problem how best to govern ourselves as how to prevent ourselves from being misgoverned and robbed.

Practical life is so lumbered up with checks and counter-checks and vouchers and registering appliances and bell punches, that it is very difficult to get "in touch" with anything but the complicated machinery with which man protects himself against his brother. Our splendid achievements in taking care that our brother does not rob us are out of all proportion to the small law that we must take care that we do not rob our brother.

Here and there we expect to see at intervals some such modified Timon as Tolstoi go back to locusts and wild honey and live with the Golden Rule out of sheer weariness at the confusion that has been brought about by cast iron preventives, and we greet such a person regularly with indifferent incredulity. But it astonishes us beyond measure to hear of a corporation doing this. It is almost fantastic to speak of a Tolstoi railroad, and yet, when one comes with bated breath to describe what a great railway corporation in the Northwest is trying to do, it curiously enough puts the primitive simplicity of the Russian reformer on iron rails and adds the motive power of steam to it. It is, of course, an incredible engineering feat to lay down ethics while one is laying down ties, and to affix the Golden Rule to a working schedule. But, practically, this is just what a railroad has undertaken to do, and the amazing thing about it is that it overcomes some of the stupendous problems of our vexed industrial life like a summer cloud without our special wonder.

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"The keynote of our system," said the President of the road recently, "is this: we select our employees for their character as well as for their ability, and then trust them. The moment they understand that we have their interests at heart and nothing can remove them if they are faithful their contentment is a guarantee, and our interest becomes theirs. That is all there is to it. It is a merit system, but it is also an insurance system, and all the strife and tumult of conflicting demands disappear quietly before it."

One sees that in this terse explanation some things have been turned upside down, notably that commercial cant about loyalty to employers and loyalty to the employed comes out on top where of all places in the world it was most needed,—that is, in a railroad corporation, where ability and fidelity never had a twenty-four-hours' guarantee that a change of directors or a change of superintendents would not throw them out to make room for new favorites. But now an unwritten pledge of fidelity and *noblesse oblige* bars the way. The commonest track-walker, if he walk well and loyally, walks without fear of the morrow. Nobody can turn him down. The system is all at once his personal friend.

But all this is so primitive and obvious that one hesitates to accept it as a practical fact of the hour. It looks like a reformatory chimera. But it isn't. It is only one of those inevitable returns to the elemental basis of human being and human well-doing which lie forever imbedded in the nature of things, only the nature of things is covered up with bell punches and registering machines, and trampled out of recognition by spotters and detectives and watchers.

—NYM CRINKLE (A. C. WHEELER).

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Wherein Masterpieces in Mechanism Fail

THERE have been periods in the world's history, perhaps, when artists have striven to higher places than they reach to-day; but surely art counterfeiters have never before been so numerous, active or successful. Mechanical genius, having performed miracles with the physical elements, has turned its attention to the arts with bewildering results.

Sculpture may not be what it was in the days of Phidias, but automatic dolls were never so near perfection. The hand organ has reached a development which the ancients could scarcely have deemed possible, and we have pianos which play themselves with a facility calculated to fill the heart of the weary practicer of scales and five-finger exercises with a poignant envy. Public resorts are graced by banjos in glass cases which, by the application of the nimble nickel, twang plantation melodies in most excellent time, and by phonographs which duplicate for you the latest ballads of the vaudeville. Really great pictures may not so frequently be produced as in the days of Raphael or Titian, but we have the never-failing wonders of the biograph.

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The possibilities of the mechanical in art are even now far from realized. The automatic dolls may yet be taught to sing in a counterfeit human voice; the self-playing pianos, now trained to common airs, may be educated to the classical and give us the fugues of Sebastian Bach with precise and reliable technique; the banjo may be reinforced by other instruments, so that ultimately we shall have the fully developed automatic orchestra with a machine-made leader wielding a baton by clock-work; the secret of color may be revealed, and then we shall have a faithful biograph reproduction of a section of human activity.

At this fine period of our inventive development what will become of art itself? Will the singer, the painter, the pianist and the violinist give way entirely to the mechanic who constructs the machine that imitates their work?

The deduction is, of course, absurd, but it serves to assist one in realizing that art is not altogether in the thing produced,—that its manifestation depends upon recognition by hearer or beholder of the fact that into the production have passed the sentiments and emotions of the human heart.

Unconsciously, we see in the great musician, the great painter, the great artist of any sort the Great Man who, given divine sympathies, has by strenuous effort won the ability to translate them. His music, his painting, his poem is an expression of his life. We learn from it with a swift instinct something of what he has enjoyed and suffered, hoped and feared, desired and lost. We see the play of his fancies, emotions, passions and despairs, and in our common nature, swayed by the same elements that control his own, he strikes a responsive chord. It is humanity that humanity chiefly loves in art; eliminate that and art is dead.—FRED NYE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Crissey, in his editorial, Where Literature is Loved, has certainly drawn a charming word picture, but he is blind to fact. I was once a farm boy. I know whereof I write. Work, work, work is the dull monotonous, daily song on the farm, winter and summer. When the evening comes there is no desire to read. Tired Nature craves rest, and the boy stumbles up to bed.

Sitting before the fire absorbed in a book presents a pretty picture, but, in fact, skating and sledding and rabbit hunting are more fascinating than books, after school is over.

But the number of books given over the desk at our free libraries shows that of all places in the world the cities are the spots where literature is loved. The reading-rooms of our libraries are filled with boys and girls.

Philadelphia. F. N. E.

[The question of interest in literature in country and in city as suggested by Mr. Crissey is qualitative, not quantitative. His claim being merely that in the country the interest is most absorbing, more deep and lasting. In the city, reading is a mental luxury; in the country, it is a mental necessity.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The editorial, Unpopularity of the Americans, by Francis Bellamy, is healthful and optimistic in tone, but I was sorry to see it carry this optimism so far as to excuse our "flurry and lack of repose" as "youthful exuberance." It is, in my opinion, far from that. It is the life and death struggle of competition, thoughtful of the "live" theory; forgetful of the "let live" theory. It is not exuberance,—it is a feverish delirium, a mad race for the "almighty dollar."

I am not a pessimist, but I do believe that the pace at which Americans of the present are living is bound to prove destructive. It is slowly but surely wiping out all solid comfort, all home life, all enjoyment of Nature and thoughts of Nature's God. All the finer sensibilities are warped. They either die from disuse or are used to such an extent that they become useless through overuse.

Surely the "rapids are below us," but we fail to appreciate our danger, and laugh off the thought of impending doom.

Pasadena, California. ANDREW ADAMS.

[No tendency in human nature has only one side. It has ever its compensations; its extravagances, by some divine law, have ever within them phases which tend to swing the pendulum of the world back to the truth, back to the real.

The extravagances of the Roman Empire led to its dissolution and gave the world foundations for mighty nations. The cruelty and selfishness of Spain has forced her in the centuries to relax her hand from all her colonies.

The "money hunger" of the Americans when carried to excess is to be deplored, but it is developing schools, libraries, churches, colleges, and a thousand new forces tending to spirituality, and to showing the futility of mere wealth.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

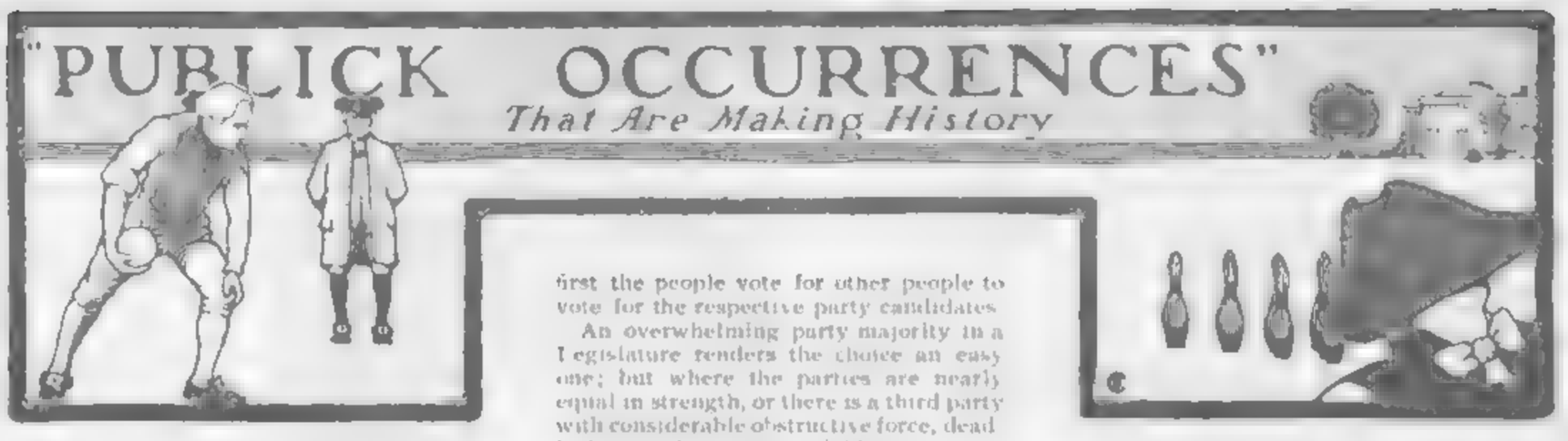
The question recently discussed in your columns, Should the United States Expand? has greatly interested me. The greatest obstacle to progress is the tendency to follow in the footsteps of our forefathers, rather than to erect a "new gospel" for ourselves, but when Mr. Watterson says that the mass of Americans "brushed away precedents and theories, and in tones which could not be misunderstood erected a new gospel in place of the preachments of sages of other days," it is difficult to see where the new gospel comes in, for the mass of the people only took up once more the old gospel of force in preference to the newer teachings of William Penn and Washington.

The kind of expansion that a nation needs is not the expansion of an esthetic civilization that harbors poverty, ill-will and grinding hours of labor in its midst, and seeks to send to other shores those who are awakening to a sense of personal injustice, but the expansion that belongs to a nation that is practicing justice within itself, and is ready to lend a helping hand not only to the need of a weaker nation, but to the needs of the helpless in her own land.

It is because the leaders of nations in the past have not understood the teachings of Mother Nature in regard to human development, and allowed greed of conquest to take the place of the moral law in the hearts of a people, that internal corruption has gone hand in hand with commercial supremacy.

Mr. Watterson says, "Sufficiently admonished by the isolation of China and its consequences, the people of the United States prefer to follow the lead and example of England." Mr. Carnegie has well shown that India is the curse of England. It is not for America to follow the example of either China or England. Profiting by the lessons that each of these nations teach us, it is for America to indeed evolve a new gospel. Hers should be the arm uplifted to protect the oppressed, and hers the wisdom to perceive that a nation of people is better trained through its gratitude than through its hatred. A child wisely taught is the best teacher for a still younger child, and a President chosen from a people by his people would gladly welcome the counsel of a just protectorate. Such justice has not been associated with the history of the past, but it has to be the history of the future if America wishes to be the pioneer of a truer civilization.

Philadelphia. CHARLOTTE ANSLEY.



Declaration of American Intentions Toward the Philippines

Before the American Senate reached a vote on the peace treaty it was understood that an opportunity would be afforded for a formal declaration that the Philippine policy of the United States was a merely tentative one. In the language of Senator McEnery's resolution, this declaration has been made by the Senate by a vote of twenty-six to twenty-two.

The resolution places the Philippines in nearly the same relation to the United States as the treaty did Cuba. When Cuba is pacified, and a stable government established, the United States is to relinquish the island to its people. When the same results have been secured in the Philippines the United States is "to make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands."

Only in the opening words, "nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands," the resolution really positive. The intention to make such an ultimate disposition of the islands as shall best promote the mutual interests leaves the future of the islands an open question still.

Recruiting a Standing Army from the High Schools of the Country

The National Militia Convention held in Tampa, Florida, and to which foreign Governments were invited to send representatives, had for its chief object the encouragement of military drill in all public and private high schools.

Chancellor MacCracken, of the University of New York, made an address full of curious arrays of statistics and reflections, based on an extended correspondence with the leading high school principals in the country.

He believed that military drill excels the athletic in promoting symmetry and rounding out the physical being, but would not have grammar school boys attempt any military tactics beyond the various "setting up exercises."

Official reports showed that over 800,000 boys in the United States were annually passing the eighteen year limit of public school age and becoming men, and that soon we would have a million youth added every year to the manhood roll. If military drill were confined only to those from fourteen to eighteen years of age we would soon have an army of 3,000,000 and over. Our high schools alone would turn out nearly a quarter of a million of young soldiers annually.

German Fight Against the Americans and British in Samoa

Chief Justice Chambers, the American jurist who, under the tripartite treaty, is the supreme authority in Samoa, has written an account of the recent trouble there over the election of a new King, in which he places the entire blame for the attack on the Supreme Court, and the fighting between the adherents of the two candidates for the throne, on local German officials.

High praise is accorded to Judge Osborne, the American Consul-General, Mr. Maxse, the British Consul, and Captain Stanley, of the British man-of-war, for their successful efforts in protecting life and vindicating the dignity and authority of the Supreme Court. The affair was a real though short lived war between the American and English authorities and one native party on one side, and German officials and native rebels on the other.

It was only the physical backing that the American and British Consuls and the Chief Justice received from the British man-of-warsmen that saved foreign lives and property, and prevented a native war of extermination. The affair has since become a subject of correspondence between the United States, Great Britain and Germany.

Deadlocks a Plea for the Popular Election of Senators

The deadlocks that existed in numerous Legislatures in the matter of the election of United States Senators added much strength to the growing popular belief that these elections should be by the direct vote of the people.

Three political fights are now necessary in most States to place a man in the United States Senate,—the primary, the county and district, and the Legislature. In the two first the people vote for other people to vote for the respective party candidates.

An overwhelming party majority in a Legislature renders the choice an easy one; but where the parties are nearly equal in strength, or there is a third party with considerable obstructive force, dead locks are almost unavoidable.

The man who breaks a deadlock by voting against his party's candidate is quite sure to be derided as a political traitor, no matter how conscientious he may be; and purely political contingencies in a Legislature might result in the election of a candidate who would not have been chosen by the people directly.

In several States, recently, the Legislatures have spent many days in doing that which the people could have done in a single day.

America Needed for the New "Open-Door" Policy in China

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, of the British Navy, who was sent by his Government to study the political and commercial conditions existing in China, in passing through the United States on his way home gave a new definition of the much talked of "open door" policy in the Orient.

> "It means simply that instead of 'spheres of influence,' which means the breaking up of the Chinese Empire, that England, America, Germany and Japan shall by agreement maintain free and equal commercial relations for all in the Orient."

The scheme includes the reorganization of the Chinese Army by Europeans, the proper policing of the Empire so that life and property shall everywhere be safe, the opening up of the Empire in all its provinces, and the development of its wonderful resources of mining and commerce. The United States, he thinks, has more interest in this "open door" policy than England.

> "If the 'sphere-of influence' policy is allowed to be adopted, Russia will become all powerful in the North, France in the South. England cannot, of course, get everything. Germany will get what she can, while America will probably get nothing, for though I think she is destined to be a great trading nation in the Orient, greater than Great Britain or any other country, her interests there now are comparatively slight. But with the 'open-door' equal opportunity for all nations her commerce is bound to grow."

Auspicious Opening of the Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration

A preliminary session of the Anglo-Venezuelan Court of Arbitration has been held in Paris, chiefly for the purpose of thereby enabling the arbitrators to become acquainted with each other, and to arrange for the serious work of the Court which is to begin on May 25.

It will be remembered that Venezuela chose Chief Justice Fuller and Associate Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, for her representatives in the Court of Arbitration, and that ex President Harrison, ex Secretary of the Navy Tracy, and M. Malet Prevost were selected to prepare the brief on her behalf.

State Councilor 'Maartens, professor of international law in the University of St. Petersburg is the umpire of the Court. The British arbitrators are Baron Herschell, ex Lord Chancellor, and a member of the American-Canadian Commission, and Sir Richard Henn Collins, and the British counsel include the distinguished Sir Richard Webster.

The preliminary meeting was accented by international social functions, which it is to be hoped may stand as an augury of a successful settlement by peaceful methods of a long standing and highly irritating dispute.

Reopening a Waterway Famed in History and Song

One cannot note that within a few days the improved Dismal Swamp Canal will be opened to navigation without recalling Thomas Moore's graphic ballad on The Lake of the Dismal Swamp, and being thrilled with the picture of the demented youth watching by his fairy light for the appearance of his maiden's canoe.

> "And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
> Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp
> She paddles her white canoe.
>
> "And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
> And her paddle I soon shall hear;
> Long and loving our life shall be,
> And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
> When the footstep of Death is nigh."

This ballad and a myriad of historical associations have invested this region with an interest possessed by no other waterway. The canal was a famous and important means of communication almost from the beginning of the century, but it has been practically useless since the Civil War.

It is only twenty two miles long, but it unects Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound, opens up 2500 miles of inland navigation, and will have a large influence in promoting the coastwise traffic between the Northern and Southern States.

Appreciating What Our Consuls Have Done for American Commerce

The United States Senate took a short step in the right direction when it voted a slight increase in the salaries of certain of our consular officers.

Necessities of our commercial relations require that a consular officer in particular should be something more than a political friend's friend. He is the manager of the business interests of the United States at the place of his appointment; a man at one time something of a merchant, something of a manufacturer, and something of a lawyer.

No first class business establishment in the country would ever dream of securing a responsible, competent representative at a foreign port for the meagre salary that the Government pays its Consuls. In the keen competition for trade, the business house seeks an expert, and willingly pays him at least double the salary or fees of a Consul.

The United States Consuls have contributed more to bringing about the extraordinary exportation of American products than they have received credit for, and never was the occasion so strong as to-day for a complete reorganization of the service and the full appreciation of the Consul as a business man.

What it Costs to Protect the United States for a Year

The sub-committees of the House Committees on Military and Naval Affairs have reported the amounts deemed necessary to enable each branch of the defensive service to protect the interests of the Government in the fiscal year 1899-1900. In both cases present and prospective demands are considered. The Army Appropriation bill is the largest of the two, calling for an aggregate of $79,034,377. The cost of the Navy is fixed at $45,158,60.

New battle-ships as planned will cost $3,500,000 each, armored cruisers, $4,000,000 each, and the small cruisers $1,141,500 each,—all exclusive of armor, armament and equipment, which in the first year call for $5,200,000.

For our fixed protection in the line of seaboard defenses another bill carries an appropriation of $4,744,798, which is more than a third less than the estimated requirements. These three bills call for the expenditure of the large sum of $128,937,775 for our protection for a single year.

A Canadian Threat that Would Seriously Influence Disarmament

The entire nickel market of the world is controlled by the production of the single district of Sudbury, in the Canadian province of Ontario, of which the United States has become the largest purchaser.

Since American manufacturers began using the metal in connection with the armor plates for new war ships there has been much alarm in England and Canada over the large exportations to the United States.

Every Government in the world needing new war ships needs also larger quantities of nickel, for the modern war ship would not be deemed sufficiently protected without nickel in its armor. Great Britain is alarmed because Canadian nickel is serving to strengthen navies that any day may be arrayed against her.

On a claim that a local smelting and refining company has violated its charter privileges, proceedings have been taken before the Attorney General of the Dominion for the forfeiture of its charter, and the Dominion authorities are considering the expediency of restricting the exportation.

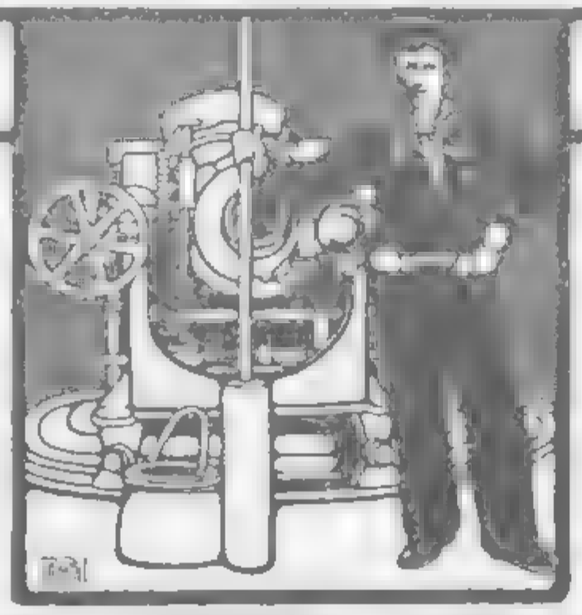
Congress Warned Against Extravagant Appropriations

Chairman Cannon, of the Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives, has given Congress a serious warning against extravagant appropriations.

Contrasting the estimates made last autumn by Secretary Gage with the necessities that have since been brought to the treasury Chairman Cannon has predicted a deficiency next July more than three and a quarter times larger than the Secretary's estimate. This is largely due to the contingencies of the negotiation of the peace treaty.

OUR NATION'S NEW HEROES

STORIES OF CADET LIFE



BY GEORGE GIBBS

First Article

THE great General, Grant, when a cadet, went through his course at West Point with one foot out of the Academy and the other in. So curiously deficient was he in all the arts and sciences which Theory insists must go to make the perfect soldier that he was always in the "Immortals."

"Immortals" is the name of the section at the foot of the class, admission to whose profane cult means small marks and the possible privilege of resigning at the end of the half-year. Immortals is a neat contraction of "Les Immortals," that is, lazy mortals. Immortal Grant became, but not in the way the academic reports of the time would have indicated.

This has proved true again and again among the graduates of the Naval Academy, as well as those of West Point. Though the "child is father to the man" in general tendencies and character, it does not follow that mere mental attainments are an indication of great genius in the practical operation of the great military professions. Works of the brain and works of the body and spirit are two things, and though the finely ordered mind controls to a degree both body and spirit, no such mechanism can ever accomplish great deeds in which heart and spirit are needed, though it may plan the details with a nicety to challenge criticism. A combination of all these qualities is rare, for the bookworm is seldom an enthusiast on any subject which gets very far away from his theories.

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DOES SCHOLARSHIP COUNT IN WAR?

The Spanish War has shown that it is not always the men who stand at the heads of their classes who lead in the more practical duties of ship and camp. Admiral Sampson, one of the greatest thinkers and most profound students in the Navy, as a boy and as a man always led in everything he undertook; but on the other hand, Hobson, though one of the leaders of his class at Annapolis, was demure and retiring, hardly the man one would select to lead a forlorn hope into the jaws of death.

One may go through the list man for man and find as many backward in their studies as those who have carved high niches for themselves in the Academy records.

No proposition could cover the situation in a general way, for, after all, the men we have heard from were perhaps only lucky—lucky in being chosen as the instruments of the result. There are hundreds,—thousands of officers in the service, some brilliant, some wise, some brave, some strong, as good as they, who have lacked only opportunity. The singling out of any names for special mention seems an injustice to them,—"the heroes of the heart."

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TAYLOR AND EVANS AS SCHOOLMATES

Forty years ago Harry Taylor and Bob Evans were boys together in Washington. They were schoolmates and chums, fighting each other's battles and longing for the day when they would be old enough to go to the Naval Academy and fight for their country. They were both lively, active lads, Taylor perhaps the quieter of the two.

As their characters developed, Taylor became more of a student than Evans, and that became the distinguishing feature of their entire careers. [illegible] Evans is known throughout the Navy [illegible] student of men, and a "man's man," in the best sense of the term. The friendship of youth continued without break throughout their young manhood and prime. The bond was strengthened when Evans, at the close of the Civil War, married his chum's sister.

They were both in the famous three-year class which was admitted to the Naval Academy in 1860. They had hardly entered on their careers long enough to get the smell of the brine into their nostrils when the Civil War broke out. Here was the very chance they were longing for. But they ruefully saw two upper classes go out, and they knew that fighting of the larger sort was not yet for them.

For two years they were kept at their books, when finally the welcome news came that they would be graduated in three years instead of four if they could pass the examinations. In spite of their many disappointments, there was a wild whoop of joy up and down the corridors, and they set about their work in earnest, studying with a concentration which no [illegible] sion could dissipate.

CHARLES D. SIGSBEE

Taylor and Evans both left the Academy before having been graduated, and were ordered to duty with the Blockading Squadrons along the Gulf and Southern coasts. They went to their ships gleefully bearing the proud titles of "Acting Ensigns," but in reality merely midshipmen of three years' standing,—destined, however, to do the duties and have the responsibilities of men many years their seniors in theoretical and practical service.

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HOW CAPTAIN EVANS SAVED HIS LEG

Evans was in both attacks on Fort Fisher, and in the second fight he was shot twice. The wounds were severe, and he was sent into hospital. His leg was shattered badly, and after examining it carefully the doctors told the young sufferer bluntly that they would be obliged to amputate it.

When they went out Evans made a resolution that his leg was not to be cut off. He came to the conclusion that he would rather quit right there than go through life one-legged. It was his own leg, anyhow, and nobody had a better right to decide the question than himself.

By some means he got hold of one of the big Navy revolvers, and had it secreted under his pillow when the surgeons, with a blood-curdling array of knives and saws, made their appearance on the scene and began preparations to carry their threat into execution. But when the chief surgeon turned to the bed to examine the wounds he found himself looking into the black barrel of young Evans' Navy revolver.

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"Now see here," said Evans, as the doctor retired in some alarm; "I want that leg to stay on. I need it. I will get well with that leg where it is, or not at all, and that's the end of it! That leg does not come off! Do you understand what I mean?"

The doctor retired in some alarm and confusion. But he understood perfectly, and Evans carried the day. The wounds were dressed and healed rapidly. In several months he [illegible] out again. But he limped then, and will as long as he lives.

SIGSBEE AS A PRACTICAL JOKER

Charles D. Sigsbee—writer, artist, hydrographic expert, mathematician, inventor, and incidentally the central figure, composed and dignified in the greatest marine tragedy of modern times, is the kind of a man most people,—men, women and children,—like to see and know. His brow can be stern, and no one knows that better than the people who have sailed under him; but he loves peace better than war, and the twinkle behind his glasses never quite dies out.

As a midshipman he was always the prime mover in any affair which would contribute to the gayety of existence, was a better judge of people than he was of test tubes, and a practical joker of ability, which is saying much. The fascination which the ocean holds for all boys of sound mind gained an early sway over young Sigsbee. He received his appointment to the Naval Academy just before the Civil War, in 1850.

He liked the practical work, but could never settle down to the desperate grind of the academic course. He found himself more often making caricatures of "Dom Roget," the teacher of Spanish (a language he has since mastered), than in poring over the verbs and adverbs in the text books. They were good caricatures, too, and when the other youngsters in the section saw them there was merriment which poor Dom Roget could not understand. But the Professor solved the matter satisfactorily by marking all the delinquents on a low scale of credit, and, to be certain of the right culprit, Sigsbee lowest of all.

The young artist used to make pictures of everything and everybody he saw, and write pieces about them,—sprightly literature which went from one end of the Academy to the other. And so, when the end of the year came round, he found that, instead of being enrolled on the academic scroll of fame, he was relegated to the lower half of the class, which they called the "wooden" half.

He went back into the next class,—which entered in 1860,—and with the advantage of a year of experience he obtained a position in the new class which he held until graduation time. He never quite got over his propensities for making fun.

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He began as a joke, and afterward kept it up, an anonymous correspondence with a member of his class. Sigsbee disguised his hand, and, in the guise of "Lily Gaines," a very fascinating young woman of susceptible tendencies, wrote to Midshipman Mullan in such endearing terms that for three months that young gentleman was kept in a state of alternate suspense and rapture. At last, in a burst of confidence, some one told Mull[illegible] of the deception, and the correspondence suddenly ceased.

But in spite of all this, Midshipman Sigsbee went out into the world to practice his profession in stirring times, and ever acquitted himself as a valiant officer and accomplished gentleman. As the months rolled into years, the naval service could boast of no officer who studied harder or who brought more steadfast qualities into his work.

JOHN B. BERNADOU

WORTH BAGLEY

THE BRAVE COMMANDER OF THE WINSLOW

Lieutenant John B. Bernadou was the Commander of the Winslow in the fight at Cardenas at which Ensign Worth Bagley, his second in command, was killed. The story of the fight these young officers made, until Bagley was killed, Bernadou was wounded, and the Hudson came and towed them out of danger, has been told again and again, and the tale of it will go down into the history of the Spanish-American War as one of the pluckiest of which there is record. Bagley, being the only naval officer killed during the war, was heard of from one end of the country to the other, but little was told of Bernadou, his Commander.

Bernadou's early career showed in several instances the fearlessness of his disposition and the sturdiness of his character. The boy's first idea was to go to West Point. Failing in this, he secured an appointment to the Naval Academy, where he entered with a fine standing, which he maintained until he was graduated. He was always a brilliant worker, and in gunnery and foreign [illegible] a most remarkable [illegible] To-day he speaks eight languages, and is one of the foremost men in the Navy as an authority on smokeless powder.

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THE MAN WHO NEVER KNEW FEAR

Bernadou's classmates say that he fears nothing on earth—or water. His fearlessness overcomes any consciousness of self.

One afternoon in October, 1881, the United States steamer Kearsarge, Captain [illegible] B. White, lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. The weather had been stormy for a day or two, and the wind had kicked up a heavy sea. There was a strong tide running, and the vessel swung out on a long cable. A seaman by the name of Christoverson, who was boat tender in one of the cutters swinging at the lower booms, went out and down the Jacob's ladder. In stepping to the thwart his foot slipped, and those on deck saw him disappear under the gray water.

There was a hoarse cry of "man overboard." Seaman Robert Sweeny, who saw the accident, running out along the boom, plunged in without delay, just as the man came up the second time. Bernadou, then a cadet midshipman, heard the cry, and rushing to the gangway saw the terrible struggle of Sweeny with the drowning man as the tide swept them out toward the sea. Bernadou tossed off his coat, and was overboard in an instant. Christoverson, in his fierce struggle, carried Sweeny down with him, the latter only breaking away to be carried down again.

Bernadou by this time was within reach, and catching the drowning man from behind managed to relieve Sweeny until a line was thrown to them, and they were finally hauled aboard in an exhausted condition. For this act both Bernadou and the sailor received the recommendations of their Captain, and the thanks of William H. Hunt, then the Secretary of the Navy.

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ONLY NAVAL OFFICER KILLED IN THE WAR

Worth Bagley's career at the Naval Academy was a triumph of the heart rather than of the mind. While he loved the service and hoped some day to fill a useful place in it, he found more to attract him in football and athletics than in calculus and least squares. But no man who ever entered was more beloved than he, and no man had better friends in the service and out of it. He was turned back twice, but entered, in 1891, the class of '95, in which year he was graduated. He was a member of the "Five B's," composed of Bennett, Barnes, Bagley, Breckinridge and Baldwin, men who were close friends while they were at the Academy.

But football was Bagley's ruling passion. During his time, too, the great series of games between West Point and Annapolis, between the Army and Navy, over which the entire United Service went mad, were played, and Bagley was on the victorious team of '95, and was named for the "All America" team.

Bagley roomed, during the four-years' course, with his chum, Breckinridge, who was washed off another torpedo boat, the Cushing, and drowned, as he was trying to get into Havana a few days before the blowing up of the Maine.

"Worthless" Bagley (as his intimates called him) and Breckinridge were never left much to themselves in their quarters, for their room was always crowded during recreation hours with cadets skylarking or asking advice or assistance. There was another intimate and classmate of Bagley, D. R. Merritt, who was killed in the Maine disaster a few days after the drowning of Breckinridge.

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ROOSEVELT SAVED BAGLEY FOR THE NAVY

When Bagley came up for graduation at the end of the four-years' course the doctors thought they discovered an irregular movement of the heart, and recommended that he be dropped. Bagley took his case to Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Roosevelt, looking at him through his glasses with a quick, critical glance, said:

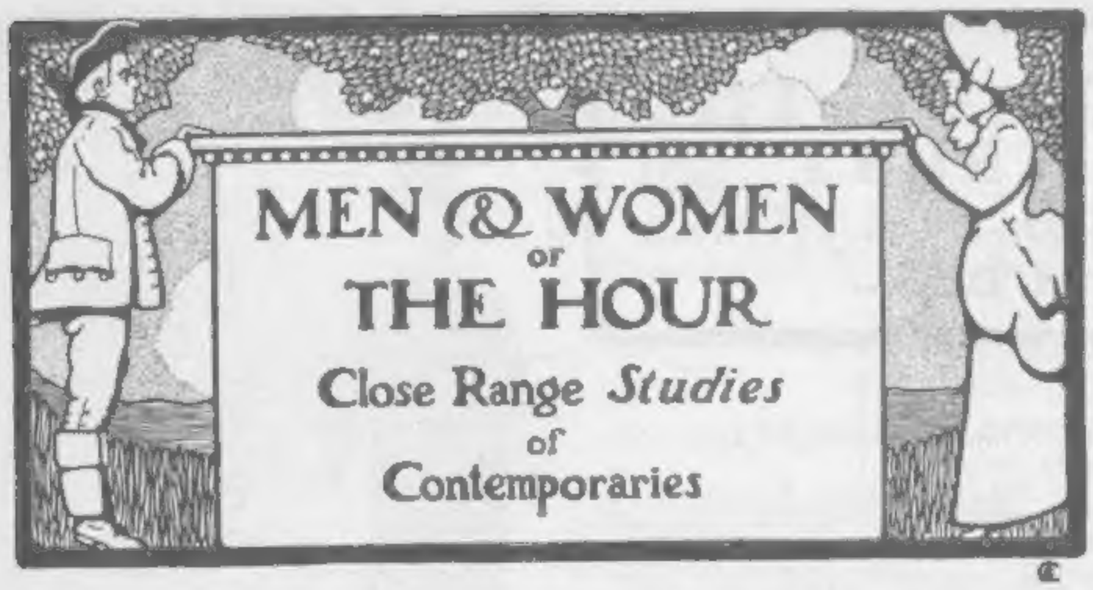
"You are Bagley, the football player, are you not?"

Bagley said he was.

"Well, you are to stay in the Navy while I am here. The service needs more men just like you."

Then Bagley went on his two years' cruise, and when he came back he was passed through without question.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second article on Our Nation's New Heroes, by George Gibbs, will appear in the next issue of the POST. Hobson's schooldays are treated in the article, Hobson's Boyhood, as Told by His Mother, in the Post for March 11.



Mills, the New Head at West Point

For the first time in the history of the United States Military Academy the much-coveted office of Superintendent has been conferred on an officer of the low rank of First Lieutenant, who, while holding the office, will have the rank of Colonel.

Albert L. Mills, the fortunate officer, is a man nearly forty-five years old, who has proven himself a most capable field as well as school soldier. Prior to the war with Spain he had greatly distinguished himself as an Indian fighter, and had held two instructorships at West Point and a professorship in the South Carolina Military Academy.

At the beginning of the Santiago campaign General Young selected him for his Chief-of-Staff, and in the heroic storming of San Juan Hill he was shot in the head and lost an eye. The high praise accorded him by his superior officers attracted the President's attention, and the Acting Captain was invited to an interview, which resulted in his present appointment.

Another interesting feature of the appointment is the fact that Lieutenant Mills represents the cavalry branch of the service. For many years the law restricted the Superintendency to officers of the Engineer Corps, and even after the office was thrown open to all branches an engineer was usually selected.

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Allison's Loyalty to a Friend

Mr. Allison, the senior Senator from Iowa State, has served for more than a quarter of a century in the Upper House, and it is not too much to say that he has more influence than any other single member of that body.

Some idea of his standing can be gained from a pretty compliment recently paid him by one of his colleagues, Senator Chilton, who, recalling an incident in the British Parliament when a Cabinet Minister, having forgot his budget, the House accepted his unsupported statement as to what the figures would have been, and granted him the asked-for appropriation. "In the same spirit of confidence," said Senator Chilton, who is opposed to Mr. Allison in politics, "the Senate accepts any statement which the Senator from Iowa may make."

SENATOR ALLISON

"He is the only man of my acquaintance who could walk across a floor covered with eggs with a bucket of water on his shoulder without breaking the eggs or spilling the water," is the testimony of another of his colleagues, from which one must understand that he is able to accomplish many difficult things *sans* damage to himself or his friends.

Allison is wedded to the Senate. Its work is congenial to him, and he believes one can exert there as much influence as in any other position under the Government. Years ago, it is said, he registered a vow that he would never resign from the Senate unless he was nominated for the Presidency,—a vow he has kept until now, although many temptations have been offered him. Garfield was extremely anxious that he should become Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet; Harrison offered him the same portfolio, and when Mr. McKinley was elected Allison was selected for the Premiership. Many thought him unwise not to accept this high office, but the friends and constituency of this eminent Iowan applaud his determination to remain in the legislative branch.

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The New President of France

A single ballot and 483 votes out of 817 made Émile Loubet President of the French Republic two days after the death of President Faure. There is no Presidential succession law in France, nor is a popular election necessary to replace a suddenly removed Chief Executive. A majority vote of the Senators and Deputies in National Assembly, or, as known in the United States, in joint session, accomplishes the legal transfer of executive authority.

At the outset, the election of M. Loubet presaged much for the best interests of France. He is a lawyer deeply grounded in the traditions of the profession; a Republican from long-weighed convictions; an official who has been tested as Deputy, Senator, Minister and Premier, and one of the most modest and unassuming men in the public life of France. His election was both a triumph for Republicanism and for justice. "Brought up in the study of the law," he said, "I will be its single-minded servant."

That he would not acquiesce in any illegal proceedings for or against Dreyfus or any one else is made clear by his public antecedents. President Loubet is not a great man, but he has all the constituents of a safe one.

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Where Andrée Hesitated

Interest in Professor Andrée and his attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon has been reawakened by the reported finding of remnants of the balloon in the pack ice between Iceland and Greenland.

HERR ANDRÉE

The Swedish chemist who inflated the Ornen, Andrée's balloon, has declared that the great airship would remain afloat, barring accidents, not longer than fifteen days after it started.

If the explorer and his companions dropped into the sea they were lost. If they have reached the polar cap and wrecked their balloon they undoubtedly have found the spot which so many have striven to find. But whether they will ever be able to return to civilization and recount their adventures is exceedingly doubtful.

It may not generally be known that Andrée was very reluctant to start on his voyage on July 11, 1898. His own wish was to defer the start until the day following, but his companions urged and he decided to make the attempt.

Andrée was a careful and painstaking man in everything, and his hesitancy was due to the fact that he doubted whether the south wind which was then blowing across Dane's Island would continue. But the pleadings of his comrades continued, and at 2.30 P. M. they sailed away.

Whether he would have reached the Pole had he delayed until the following day is more than human knowledge can determine, but as days pass and no authentic news from him arrives the opinion is strengthened that Andrée's name must be added to the list of victims of North Polar exploration.

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When Mrs. Livermore Traveled as Freight

The interests of women never had a more earnest or intelligent advocate than Mary A. Livermore. She possesses all the attributes that make a leader; is brave, determined, resolute, far-seeing; her influence the more potent that she lacks the rancor and bitterness that so often defeated the usefulness of her contemporaries.

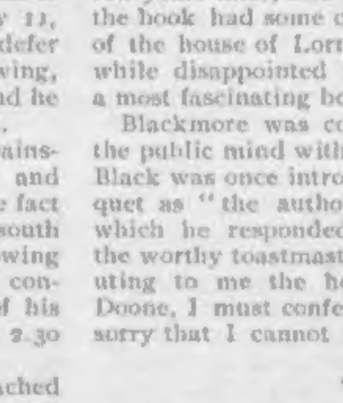
Mrs. Livermore will live in history not only as a woman suffragist and lecturer on temperance reform, but as a humanitarian. No one ever goes to her in suffering and distress and comes away uncomforted; no one ever appeals to her for help and sympathy in vain, and she stimulates and sustains many struggling souls. Few, indeed, have lived in this or any age who so devotedly loved their fellows, who more entirely consecrated their lives to their benefit and advancement.

When the Civil War broke out, Mrs. Livermore, influenced by a high sense of duty, reluctantly separated herself from her husband and children, and with Mrs. Jane C. Hodge became an associate member of the Sanitary Relief Commission, with headquarters at Chicago, where she remained in active service until the close of the Rebellion.

Mrs. Livermore's sense of humor, which was keen, happily and well developed, saved her in many embarrassing situations. During a lecturing tour, having missed the regular passenger train, she was forced to apply to the conductor of a cattle-train for transportation to the city for which she was billed. His instructions, however, forbade his carrying any passengers or any freight but live stock.

"But," insisted Mrs. Livermore, "if I am not live stock, what am I?"

Her plea was irresistible, and she finally gained permission to ride in the caboose, being presented upon her arrival in Cincinnati with a bill for transportation, made out according to her weight avoirdupois.



MARY A. LIVERMORE

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President Faure Worried to His Death

Although apoplexy was the immediate cause, President Faure really died from worry. He was naturally a sensitive man. During his business career he had met and overcome more than the usual annoyances that fall to man, and in his official life had steadily presented a courageous front in the face of complications before which many other men would have wavered.

His surpassing ambition as President was to promote the power and glory of his country. Though sprung from humble life, he deported himself as if "to the manor born." His proudest day was when the young Czar spoke of France as "my ally and friend."

He worried over the American popular feeling against France while the United States was fighting Spain; over the seriously strained relations with Great Britain on the Fashoda question, and over the monstrous scandals that the Dreyfus case developed. More acutely yet did he feel a revival of the cruel aspersions on his own household, for which neither he nor any member of his family was ever responsible.

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What Made Blackmore Famous

The number of persons who have not read and enjoyed Lorna Doone are few indeed, but little is known either of the author himself or how the book achieved its popularity.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the author, is now an old man, far more deeply interested in horticulture and agriculture than in literature. Of his garden he is very proud, and his neighbors know him only as the "fruit man"; of his Lorna Doone they know comparatively nothing.

Just thirty years ago the book made its appearance. At that time Blackmore was a struggling lawyer, who decided to try his hand at literature. The manuscript was sent to eighteen publishers and was rejected. The nineteenth published it, but it proved a flat failure. Fortunately for the fate of the book, the Marquis of Lorne was married a few years later, and the public, fancying that the book had some connection with the story of the house of Lorne, clamored for it, and, while disappointed in this regard, found it a most fascinating book.

Blackmore was constantly confounded in the public mind with the late William Black. Black was once introduced at a London banquet as "the author of Lorna Doone," to which he responded: "Gentlemen, while the worthy toastmaster is mistaken in attributing to me the honor of writing Lorna Doone, I must confess that I am profoundly sorry that I cannot claim that distinction."

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MINIATURE PORTRAITS

General Henry Born in an Army Wagon.—General Guy V. Henry, who succeeded General Brooke as American Governor-General of Porto Rico, and has already developed fine administrative qualities there, was born to the military service, for he drew his first breath in an Army wagon at Fort Smith, Indian Territory, where his father, Major William S. Henry, was stationed.

Why Simpson Likes Congress.—Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson does not hesitate to express regret at not being sent back to Congress by his constituency. "It's partly because I like the salary, which is a good one," he says, "and partly because I like the job, which is an easy one."

Kelvin Still at Work.—Lord Kelvin, who is more than seventy-five years old, has recently taken out a patent for making soundings while at sea.

President Eliot's View of Sunday.—President Eliot, of Harvard, has come out rather pronouncedly on the matter of the observance of Sunday. He recently told the New England Sabbath Protective League that "it will not do to attempt to dissociate pleasure and the Sabbath. God delights in innocent pleasures."

Bishop Potter on Woman's Sphere.—When asked what he considered a woman's highest sphere, Bishop Potter replied: "Wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood, the ministry of sympathy and love."

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THE GROWTH OF THE MODERN TRUST

Twenty-five Years of Business Methods

By Chauncey M. Depew

BUSINESS conditions have changed entirely in the last twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago there was no such thing in existence as a trust or combination.

The railroads are the best indexes of the change. Then the products of the country, agricultural and manufacturing, came from a multitude of places and individuals. There were thousands of small manufacturers of iron and textile fabrics, of wood and the subdivision of these,—agricultural machinery, stoves, plows, wagons, furniture,—who in almost any part of the country could successfully carry on a limited business with fifty to one hundred employees.

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The farmers largely controlled their market. They shipped their own cereals and live stock, or sold it to hundreds of dealers who had a limited territory in which they purchased. A man with small capital and some credit could establish a little business with the hope of success almost anywhere. We were living up to the idea of fostering individual independence and enterprise.

Our Republic is built on the idea of the independent judgment of the citizen. Up to twenty-five years ago practically the same idea was carried out in business affairs. The first change in this condition came through the big jobbing houses. Having close relations with the mills, they were enabled to undersell the small jobbers and the commission houses. When such establishments,—like A. T. Stewart, for instance,—added to that the retail store, they drove hundreds of small merchants, who before had been doing a thriving business, into bankruptcy; and they became the big merchants' clerks.

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The big merchant's process was simple. He gradually came to sell every line of goods. When he found that a merchant had a good trade in one line, he would sell like goods for less than cost, making his profit out of the large number of other articles he dealt in. Of course he soon ruined the man who had but one egg in his basket.

Stewart's was only the type of the big establishments which developed, not only in New York, but in all the large cities of the United States. They destroyed the small dealers in the city first. Then, by the postal delivery and through the express companies, they drove out of business thousands of merchants in neighboring villages, which were within reach of the city by one to two hours' journey.

As the West developed into a market for manufactures, the question of transportation became the factor in the ability of the factories, furnaces, mills and foundries to compete in common markets.

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For instance, stoves would be manufactured at Peekskill, Albany, Troy, New York City, and then at several places in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England. The manufacturers would all get their pig iron from different furnaces and try to sell their product at Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. The railroads on which these industries were located did their best to foster them by special rates. The special rate being a secret rate, it gave freight agents opportunities, of which the management knew nothing, to build up one concern at the expense of another, and one place at the expense of another.

This discrimination in freight rates led to the rapid consolidation of manufacturing concerns. Then they discovered that they must bring the market and the factory closer together. Very rapidly there came a complete change of industries through the transfer from East to West of great manufacturing interests.

To make the transfer and to erect new establishments required enormous capital; and when the new factories had been built, again the individual worker found himself unable to compete with the establishment which had the advantage of location, of cheapness of production, and of favor from the railroads because of its larger shipments.

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These processes have been gradually carrying the productive energies and capacities of the country to large terminal stations, like Chicago and New York, at the expense of minor manufacturing places.

Now, after a quarter of a century, we have a complete reversal of the conditions which existed twenty-five years ago. The department store, the trust, or the combination of many industries into one, have placed a large proportion of the business of the country in a few hands.

The public gains because the product is very much cheaper to the consumer. But it is a serious question whether the American people as a whole would not be better off, more self-reliant and more independent if they had the wider distribution of industries and a greater industrial independence, even if the individual consumer had to pay more for what he bought.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

PHOTO BY PACH, N. Y.

The railroads have discovered that the effect of this tendency to concentration is injurious to their interests. Their business is more and more controlled every year by the few concerns which command the traffic of the country. They do their best to foster enterprise by giving fair and equal rates. They do their best to encourage the industries on their lines.

But the Interstate Commerce act, by prohibiting the making of contracts between railroads, virtually ties their hands. The result is that the operations of the Interstate Commerce law are rapidly driving into combinations all the products of the country.

What is the future of business conditions? The present outlook is undoubtedly for the process of combination to go on with great rapidity,—with an unhealthy rapidity,—until the producers and the consumers and the railroads will be equally at the mercy of the few great concerns which control shipments.

Then I believe there will come a reaction, due to purely business reasons. It is inevitable that these combinations should become very unwieldy and tremendously overcapitalized. Already we see a disposition to swell the capitalization of some combinations to an unreasonable limit.

When this has gone on for a time, independent men with capital, energy and business brains will find that they can succeed in competition with these large concerns which have too much capital, particularly as the big concerns are run by salaried officers, while the individual will be conducting his business on an economical scale, doing largely his own work, while having the assistance, no doubt, of his wife, and living within a very modest income.

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You have only to get enough of these individuals conducting an independent business and widely scattered over the country to have the big combinations again disintegrate. In other words, at the end of another quarter-century, in my judgment, there will be the survival of the fittest. Only those departments of production will be in the hands of a few concerns with enormous capital which require enormous capital for the successful prosecution of their business, and on most of the lines of production we shall have returned to the conditions of twenty-five years ago.

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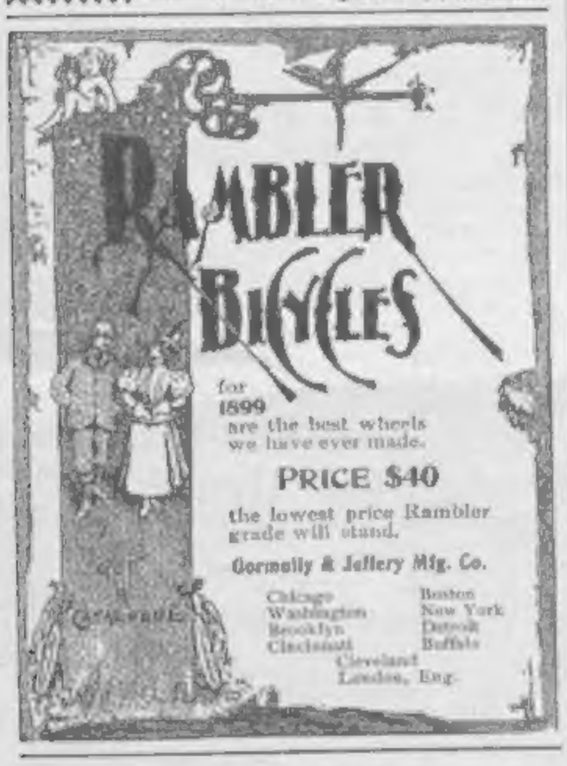

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NUMBER FOUR.—Wherein are continued the Words of Counsel to the Youth of the Day on Questions Relating to their *Welfare* and *Development*, commenced by Benj. Franklin, the Founder of this Paper.

"He that by the Plow would Thrive, Himself must either Hold or Drive."
—Poor Richard's Almanack.

The Importance of Being Well Dressed

By PERRITON MAXWELL

THE young business or professional man who thinks he can afford to scoff at the ancient saw, "Clothes make the man," is not on the main road to success. This may appear like an exaggeration, but let us consider the facts. As between a shabby, ill-clad man and one whose garb is neat and in the mode, which would receive your attention first?

Good clothes are the very best introduction. No man, young or old, can be at his best in ragged or even shabby attire. Do not doubt for an instant that the badge and sign of the real gentleman is his style of dressing. The boor, in business and out of it, the natural vulgarian, can never dress the part of a gentleman.

"Show me your clothes and I'll read your character," says the philosopher of the commonplace. He knew how fully mental and moral values were revealed in the quality and adjustment of a coat. The testimony of every successful professional and business man in America will bear up the assertion that "clothes count." A shabby coat is really the harbinger of misfortune; it will prove more disconcerting than a boil on the neck, and dim the lustre of genius itself. To prove his right to advancement a young man must have the chance to exhibit his talents. This privilege will be denied him nine times out of ten if he appears on the scene of his intended demonstration badly clad.

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Good clothes,—which does not mean necessarily expensive clothes,—bespeak for the wearer a well-balanced mind, a sense of order and the fitness of things, and according to the manner in which they are worn show to the fullest extent the calibre of the man within them. Dress constitutes a kind of personal weather-vane, showing the direction of a man's ideas and ambitions. It is the barometer of his tastes, indicating the rise and fall of his self-esteem and the attention he bestows upon his person. One cannot have fixed habits of cleanliness and be content with a buttonless coat and trousers that bag at the knees. Ambition cannot be very keen under headgear grown rusty through neglect, nor can personal energy make great progress in shoes that seldom feel the friction of the shoeblack's brush.

A man who has given a great deal of time to the compilation of social statistics declares very earnestly that one-half the failures in life are traceable to careless habits in living and dress. The common tramp ceases to deserve that opprobrious title the moment he dons a neat suit of clothes, and acquaints himself with the soothing touch of soap and water. We who would spurn him in his rags and dirt, would give ear readily enough to his appeal if his personal appearance was attractive.

We are a race of snobs, if you will. We permit our eyes to sit in judgment over our other senses, and we bow to the dictates of fleeting fashion; but if we err in these things it is because from long years of experience we have come to see the necessity for abolishing that which tends to clog the wheels of progress, and because certain conventionalities of manner, speech and costume have been found best adapted to our needs. These laws we have by mutual agreement made inexorable, and for him who will not accept them at their face value there is no room in the councils of the faithful. Few men are strong enough to prosper under the ban of propriety; fewer still can gain a livelihood. "Society," as Hammerton has aptly put it, "has only one law, and that is custom."

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This is preaching, if stating the general facts about a thing can be called by so staid a name. But what are the most helpful specific statements touching the value of clothes in this busy world to-day? The first consideration seems to be that a young man's clothing shall have the charm of neatness and modesty. Harmony is quite as desirable and pleasing in clothes as in music. Loud patterns in any part of one's apparel denotes a vulgar strain in the character. Unless it is the desire of the wearer to be classed with the "sporty" element of the community in which he lives, let him flee from wide-checked suitings, neckwear of violent hues, and all those extremes of fashion which no man of good taste could be induced to wear.

The highest possible compliment that can be paid any man, so far as his apparel is concerned, is the inability of those who meet him casually to describe his dress. The most charming attribute in man or woman is modesty, and the modest person never affects a "flashy" costume.

Clothing may be likened to a frame for the human picture, and therefore should be selected with the purpose of bringing out to best advantage the subject it encases. So slight is the cost of good clothes in these days that the humblest clerk on a meagre salary cannot truthfully say he is unable to dress well.

After all, it is not so much a question of the cost of coat and trousers as it is a question of their best adjustment to the person. Money spent for a costly garment that hangs unbecomingly upon the wearer is money thrown away. There is a happy medium in the set of one's coat, as in all other things.

To be always well dressed is to be insured against any possible chance of rebuff from the prosperous or contempt from the ill-to-do. The modern Knight, fighting in the tournament of commerce or entered in the jousts of professionalism, can wear no more impregnable armor than a suit of good clothes.

• • •

The Storage Battery of Health

By EDGAR SMILEY NASH

PROFESSOR HUXLEY said: "Give a man a good deep chest and a stomach of which he never knew the existence, and he must succeed in any practical career."

This is, perhaps, going a little too far, for many a worthless man has a splendid physique, but it calls attention to the fact that too much emphasis has been placed on thrift, perseverance and industry as the first essentials of success. Behind the thrift, behind the perseverance, behind the industry there must be a firm physical foundation. There must be a substantial fund of vitality stored up which will withstand the drain of worry.

The young man who takes an early morning walk in the bracing air, who inflates the lungs, who comes in with the body tingling, the blood pumping through every artery,—that young man is bound to make the day's work tell. The very superfluity of health, of vitality, will find its way into his business, will keep him working till the last moment, and infuse a healthy glow into all he does.

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The man who devotes a certain time of the day to exercise, to a storing of vitality, is wise. But he need not be an athlete,—preferably not. A brisk walk, a short wheel ride, a few games of tennis or polo,—these give the mind a little holiday and are the richest kind of tonic for the body. The man without force in his body cannot put force into his work. And almost without exception, the men who are successful are men of strong body and sound health.

But the majority of the young men of our day are strong and hearty. So much the better! With a fundamentally strong constitution they are on the high road to success; all they need is to learn to take care of their bodies, to husband their strength, to increase their vitality, and thus increase the joy of living and the chances of ultimate fame.

• • •

Poor Richard's Post-Box

Dear "Poor Richard":

In a recent issue of the Post you printed an article in which the Rev. Dr. Dawson says that "the incompetent clerk, in nine cases out of ten, would be equally incompetent as writer, artist or speaker."

I am by force of circumstances compelled to work as a salesman; as such I am not a startling success, but I have a natural ability to draw, and if I could afford to take lessons in art I'm sure I could paint creditably. But if Doctor Dawson's stand is correct, then there is no hope. I might as well give up the fight, and as well be a third-rate salesman as a third-rate painter. SALESMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

[There are certain basic qualities necessary to success in any lines,—consecration, concentration, constant energy. If you do not possess these qualities, you will not succeed as a salesman, nor as an artist; you will do your work in a half-hearted way that is a guarantee of failure. If you are merely a third-rate salesman, you should discover, by watching your fellow-clerks, just in what points you are inferior to them, and then carefully develop your energies in those phases. You will find as great drudgery in learning to paint as in learning to sell calico. If you do not master the drudgery in the one, you will not in the other.]

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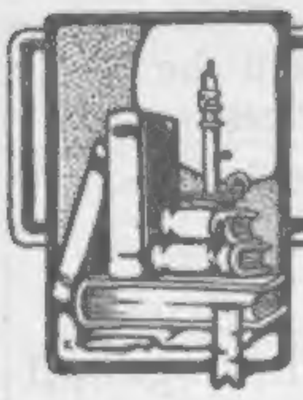

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

A BOOK OF BLACK FUMES

YOU remember George Moore's Evelyn Innes,—this story of music and love and mystic Catholicism? It is the seed-corn of William Barry's new novel, The Two Standards. (The Century Company.)

Here again you meet the young woman to whom music is a religion, the composer who builds up wonderful music dramas "of the future," visionary monks and mesmerists and wicked stage-managers. They are not quite so real as Mr. Moore's people, but they are not uninteresting. Do you care to meet them again, as they wander through this long novel, displaying all their whims and pretenses and fanciful sins?

Then, first of all, comes Marion Greystoke; she is a headstrong, willful girl,—the beauty of some half-forgotten Syrian ancestor in her dark face; her mother annoys her with religious precepts, her sisters annoy her by practicing their music lessons. Marion does not study music. That would be far too common for this exceptional girl. It all comes by intuition.

Her cousin, a young farmer, loves her, but she does not care for farmers. She goes up to London and meets strange people,—a mesmerist, a woman doctor and a promoter, who might have stepped out of Mr. Harold Frederic's Market-Place,—that Vanity Fair! And when she marries the promoter she discovers to her horror that he loves money.

At this point in Marion's life Gerard Elven, the musician, appears. He is pictured as a childlike German, with more than Wagner's genius, and all of Wagner's egotism and eccentricity. Marion persuades her husband to produce Gerard's opera of the future. As the professional singer is taken ill, Marion assumes her place after the first act,—and of course sings ever so much better. But when she learns that her husband tried to make money out of this work of art she leaves him.

•

Her cousin, the farmer, has become a great financier by this time, and Marion gives him information that helps to ruin her husband. In fact, Mr. Barry's heroine has a very unpleasant fashion of doing mawkish good that evil may come of it. And so she comes to America. Theatrical managers bow before her. Her genius opens all doors to her; but she learns that her husband has failed. She goes back to England in time to see him sent to prison.

After a few years the wretched bankrupt is released, dying and almost imbecile. Just before he dies a glimmer of reason comes back to him, and he says: "If I lived, I should be a different man; but to-night I die. Gerard, take care of Marion." And he places Marion's hands in those of the German composer, and dies.

Such, slightly and perhaps inadequately sketched, is the life of Marion Greystoke. Mr. Barry has painted the full-length figure of his heroine with loving care, and it is evident that he loves her and justifies her. That is an author's right; but frankly, Marion is about as wrong-headed and obnoxious a girl as any in modern fiction.

The world through which Marion moves is capitally described. The old vicarage, the drawing-rooms of modern London crowded with peers and Americans, artists and financiers, the stage and the monastic retreat in the Welsh hills are depicted with rare power and a fine sense of actuality. And yet The Two Standards leaves an unpleasant taste.

Mr. Barry writes well, with a sort of Meredithian urgency. His chief defect is a lack of simplicity. He likes to go rolling thunderously across the page. And again he has a fashion of standing back and talking, talking, talking about himself, about his publisher, and what a task it is to write such a tremendous novel, while the personages of his story hang like forgotten puppets in mid-air. Of course it is a big novel, stuffed with thought and careful characterization, but Mr. Barry might have left it to some one else,—his reader, for instance,—to say so.

• • •

ALONG THE TRAIL

OF ALL the poems that owed their inspiration to the war with Spain, there is none better than the Call of the Bugles, which appears in Richard Hovey's new book of lyric verse, Along the Trail. Indeed, it is one of the best war poems that has been written in many a day; with its stirring music and its fine rush of patriotic fervor it is a worthy companion of Henley's magnificent Song of the Sword. There is the true ring in lines like these:

"Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!"

Mr. Hovey has studied modern French verse and has become the victim of all the latest theories of "free verse." When he is at best he uses this irregular measure with fine effect, but in Spring his verse degenerates into mere improvisation. Many of the shorter poems are exquisite. There is a nocturne of eight lines that is sweet and simple as a white rose. The Faun is a pretty woodland fancy, and a half-dozen college songs would doubtless serve the purpose of glorifying Old Dartmouth, though they add little value to the book.

After that song of the bugles,—the battle-birds!—the poems in this little collection that will appeal most strongly to the lover of good poetry are the translations from Stéphane Mallarmé. Mr. Hovey could not have set himself a harder task, for the French poet's work is so subtle and compact that it almost defies translation. The version of Herodias may be commended for its literalness, while the Sonnet on a Vase is almost a model of translation.

Richard Hovey has made a definite place for himself among the younger poets of the day. This little volume illustrates all his good qualities of sincerity, fervor and lyric grace. He sings the songs of the open air, of battle and comradeship, of love and of country,—and they are songs well sung. In addition, his work is distinguished by a fine, masculine optimism that is all too rare in the poetry of the younger generation. (Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

• • •

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

Millionaire Authors.—It will be a surprise to most of his readers to learn that Archer M. Huntington, whose translations of the Cid have made such a pronounced success, is the son of Collis P. Huntington, the multi-millionaire railroad owner. Instead of enjoying the pastimes of most rich men's sons, Mr. Huntington has been a profound student of the Spanish literature of the day.

Mr. Huntington, however, is not the only rich young New Yorker who has taken up the profession of letters. William Waldorf Astor is probably the richest author in the world, though it is doubtless well that he is not obliged to win his bread by that means. His cousin, John Jacob Astor, is the author of a fantastic imaginative work that will be preserved as a curiosity some day.

Lispenard Stewart and Diotate Thompson, two leaders of New York society, have also figured as writers, but purely in a dilettante way. Before he went into politics for a career Governor Theodore Roosevelt won fame and a fair income from his books of adventure and ranch life.

Among the professional writers who might live handsomely upon the results of their literary efforts if they were forced to are Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, and Paul Leicester Ford. Both of these men are independently rich.

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Anthony Hope's Success.—The latest news from Anthony Hope comes in a private letter to his New York publisher, and is to the effect that he finds writing a trifle harder than he did before he had erected Her Dolly Dialogues and The Prisoner of Zenda as monuments to his talent. He has completed a new book in the Dolly style which will probably not be published before next year.

The popularity of The Prisoner of Zenda is unabated. It is to-day selling better than its sequel, Rupert of Hentzau. This is, probably, one of the reasons why Mr. Hawkins finds writing more difficult than formerly. More than 175,000 copies of the former book have been sold in this country alone.

•

Fernald's Telegram.—Chester B. Fernald has been in London since last fall arranging for the revival of his play, The Cat and the Cherub, in the British metropolis. A French version is already announced by a leading theatre in Paris, and Hollaender has written the music for an opera founded upon the same play, which will soon be produced in Breslau, Germany, under the title of San Lin.

Young Mr. Fernald's cleverness (he is only twenty-six years old) is exhibited in more directions than one. His choice of titles for his stories is remarkably felicitous. What could be happier than The Cat and the Cherub, The Spirit in the Pipe and The Moonlight Blossom? His latest story is called The Monkey That Never Was.

Another novel, if not a particularly clever idea of his, was brought out two years ago when a New York newspaper editor wrote to him for a short story for his Christmas number. The answer came from San Francisco by telegraph and was as follows:

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